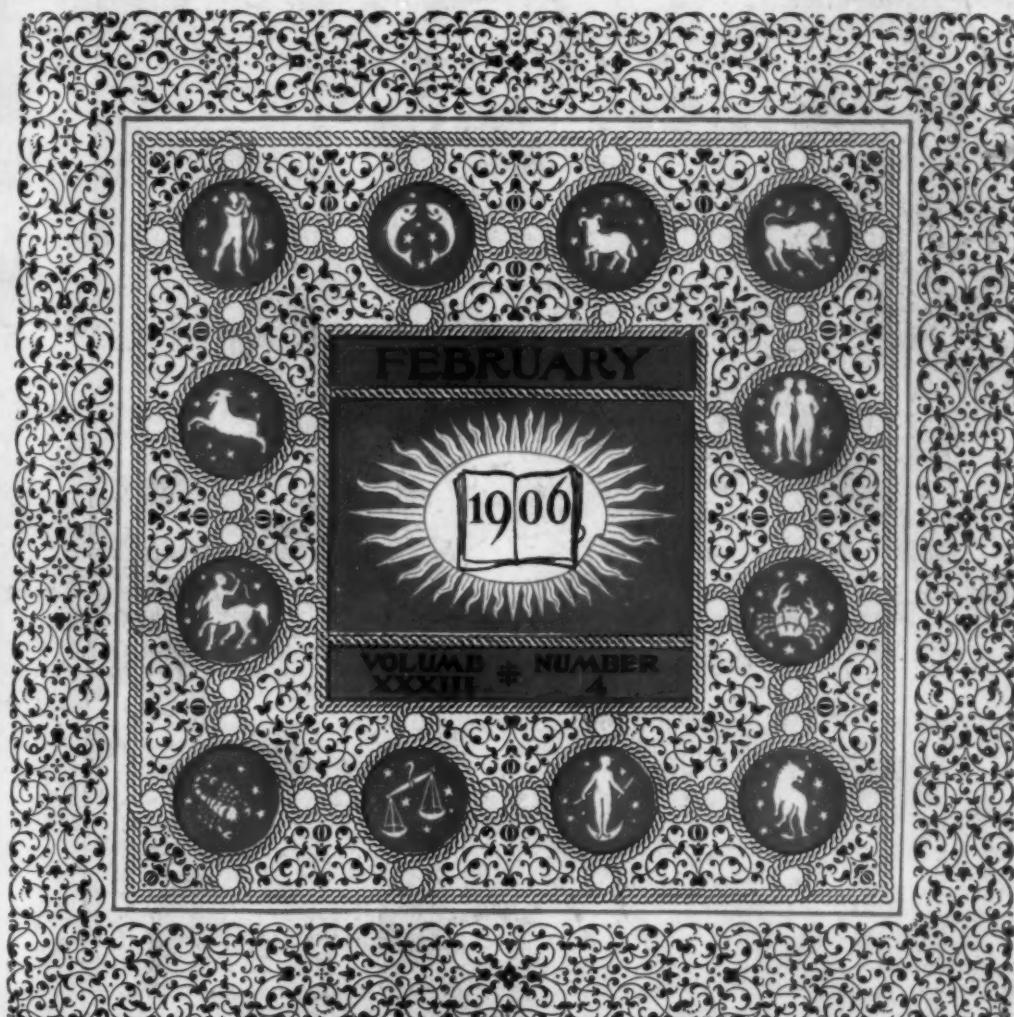


The February Number

ST NICHOLAS

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG FOLKS



MACMILLAN AND CO. LTD, ST. MARTIN'S ST. LONDON
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Swift's Little Cooking Lessons

Silver Leaf Lard



Swift & Company
U. S. A.

Pie Crust

Sift $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour twice. Add pinch of salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful baking powder. Mix thoroughly. Add $\frac{2}{3}$ cup Silver Leaf Lard. Rub flour and lard together between the hands until fine, thoroughly mixed, and no lumps remain. Add just enough ice water to moisten the entire mixture. Roll out lightly for tins, molding and handling no more than absolutely necessary, as working crust toughens it. Fill the lined tin, lay upper crust in place and press down around edges with fork slightly floured. Bake 20 minutes in medium hot oven. If accurately followed, this recipe will give an exceedingly light and flakey crust.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

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37-38



WHEN THE SNOW STORM CAME ON THE 22ND OF FEBRUARY.

DRAWN FOR "ST. NICHOLAS" BY G. A. HAIST.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXXIII.

FEBRUARY, 1906.

NO. 4

MARION'S MID-OCEAN SECRET.

BY RALPH D. PAYNE.



THE Pacific liner *Southern Cross* was steaming out of the harbor of Honolulu, westward bound, after one day's break in her long voyage to the Orient. As the tropical city and its palm-gardens vanished behind Diamond Head, a girl in her early teens walked forward along the promenade deck and said laughingly:

"You must be worn out, admiral. You did give me such a good time ashore, and I never let you rest, did I?"

The grizzled old sailor, who was for once a passenger, freed of sea cares, caressed the rumpled brown head and said:

"Well, when a young lady, not quite sixteen, is going all the way to Manila by herself to cheer up a lonely daddy, we old folks ought to take good care of her. Your grandfather and I were midshipmen together at the Naval Academy, Marion, and—and if my boy had lived—well, he died when he was just your

age. But you did give my rheumatics a pretty stiff program yesterday. "Winding up with that swim in the surf was the last straw."

Marion Coxe courtesied her thanks and pretended to be busily counting on her fingers.

"Goodness!" she rippled. "And I'm not half through thanking people. There's dear old Mrs. Walters. Why, she chaperoned me to the band concert last night, and she was up at six o'clock this morning to get me started down to Waikiki Beach; and there's the young man who's so near-sighted that I had to keep him from getting run over while he thought he was taking care of me. And, let me see; there's Captain Holt of the *Southern Cross*! He sent to my room an armful of Hawaiian flowers, and—I'm a very lucky girl, admiral."

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The admiral smiled at her enthusiasm and said to himself as she ran away to seek her other lavish friends:

"People are nice to her because she's as—good and sweet as she is pretty. And now she's all her father has left. She's been a little trump to stay in boarding-school these two years, and then sail off alone across the Pacific when her daddy could n't do without her a minute longer."

Marion had dreaded this voyage. It seemed so long to be at sea—a whole month—among strangers, all bound for the other side of the world. But with a brave heart she had boarded the *Southern Cross* at San Francisco to find that all her fears were foolish. Her fellow passengers soon learned her story, and were anxious to be her friends, guardians, and playmates. But, alas! many of them had left the ship at Honolulu, and her jolly company was partly disbanded. The little pilgrim was feeling somewhat sad and forlorn under her gay manner.

And on the next day out she had her first fit of the "blues." She stole up in the bow to be by herself. Three weeks more at sea, she thought; and, oh! the Pacific was so endless, and the ship seemed such a speck in this rolling waste of blue water and dazzle of cloudless sky. While she brooded there, a sudden thought made her jump to her feet, and dimpling smiles chased the frowns away. It was such a big thought that she wondered how she could have forgotten it for a whole week. She started to run aft, then checked the impulse, put a finger to her lips, and whispered to herself:

"I won't say a word to anybody. It will be a surprise—and such a stunner, too! I must have been awfully busy to let it slide clear out of my mind. And only three days more—is n't that splendid?"

That evening, while the admiral was strolling thirteen times around the deck in his routine daily exercise, Marion joined him, and tucking her hand under his arm, confided:

"Admiral, can you keep a secret? Well, you're not going to have a chance. But I have a surprise, and don't you wish you could guess? If I was a poor little navy lieutenant, you'd growl at me, 'Produce your secret or

consider yourself under arrest,' would n't you? But *I* can mutiny all I please."

Before the admiral could clear his throat and make reply, she was flitting aft to find Mrs. Walters. That elderly lady became much excited at the dark hints of mystery, and called to her aid Captain Holt, who was enjoying the twilight hour away from his duties in the chart-room and on the bridge.

These two caught Marion in a corner and threatened to put her in irons if she did not explain her awful secret. But she slipped away and fled to play backgammon with the near-sighted young man who needed companionship.

Next day a score of passengers shared the interest in Marion's surprise, and all sorts of guesses were made, with no light from that perplexing young will-o'-the-wisp. The ship was four days out from Honolulu when the company met at breakfast with Marion so rosily elated that Mrs. Walters looked over her glasses with an air of: "What's that child up to now?"

The young girl's merriment coaxed the admiral into rumbling laughter which threatened to split the seams of his white blouse. He was trying to tell Captain Holt a whaling yarn, and got only as far as this:

"I told the skipper, when he came aboard my gunboat, that he was sure to be nipped in the ice if he went after that whale. You know, captain, how the current sets along that part of the Bering coast?"

But bright-eyed Marion could no longer keep her precious secret to herself, and called out:

"Please excuse me, admiral. It's cruel to leave your poor whaler out there in the ice, but I simply must give you, one and all, a piece of news of the greatest importance to me. This is the twenty-ninth of February by my calendar, which has been torn to tatters counting the months and weeks. And this is my birthday, and I have n't had a *single birthday in eight years*. Is n't that awful? Nineteen hundred was not a leap-year, and I was passed rudely by with no twenty-ninth of February. So I've been waiting for this year of Nineteen hundred and four ever since I was a wee little

tot, eight years old. I don't believe I slept a wink last night. Was n't it worth keeping — a secret like that — to surprise you with?"

All hands were as much surprised as she could have hoped. But upon the captain and the admiral the news made a fairly stunning impression. Captain Holt's deep-tanned face seemed to bleach, his jaw dropped, and he stared at the happy girl as if his ship were on fire and sinking. As for the admiral, he looked as sheepish as if he had been caught pilfering an orchard fifty years before. Marion looked at them with wondering eyes. They did not seem as delighted as she had a right to expect of two such stanch friends. Then Captain Holt stammered feebly :

" Many happy returns of the day, Miss Marion. I'm delighted. I never heard anything like it. But—but—you have n't got any birthday. You have lost it. I mean I lost it for you. I dropped it overboard at midnight. You see, we have just crossed the Hundred and eightieth meridian of longitude. Going west, we gain a whole day on the sun crossing the Pacific, and to keep the calendar from getting mixed up, why, we have to drop a day right out. Yesterday was the twenty-eighth of February, and to-day is the first of March. And there is n't any twenty-ninth of February at all. I never meant to do it, honestly. I'd have dropped myself overboard first."

Poor Marion's eyes filled with tears that could not be held back, as she sobbed:

" Oh! oh! and I won't have a birthday in t-w-e-l-v-e years! I must go all the way from eight years old to twenty without a birthday! It's cruel of you. You lost my birthday on purpose. How could you be so careless?"

She fled to the deck without looking behind her, and the admiral was so disturbed that he left his poor whaler nipped in the ice and forgot all about him. Mrs. Walters looked at him with stern reproof in her gaze.

" Don't blame me, madam," exclaimed the admiral. " *There's* the guilty man. I noticed this morning that we had skipped from Sunday to Tuesday, but I had nothing to do with it."

" Then you ought to have known better, Captain Holt," said Mrs. Walters, with great severity. " You've gone and broken that poor

child's heart with your foolish navigation fol-de-rods. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

The captain dodged any more explanation, and sought the bridge. Mrs. Walters went to the door of Marion's state-room, and found it locked. After persistent knocking, there came from within a tearful wail:

" Please let me alone. I've lost my beautiful birthday, after waiting eight years for it; and I'll be an old lady before the next one comes round. I'm not coming out again to-day."

These sad tidings were carried to the admiral, and he passed them along to Captain Holt, who was fairly wrapped in gloom. Later in the day these two veteran mariners held a long council in the chart-room, after which the admiral hustled aft, as if he had important business in hand. Through the afternoon Mrs. Walters became very busy among the passengers, the admiral puffed to and fro as an errand-boy, and the near-sighted young man tried to help and got in everybody's way.

Poor little Marion had come out of her retreat as far as the library, and was curled up on a sofa picking out the saddest pages of "A Tale of Two Cities," to fit her reading to her mood.

She was finally persuaded to go down to dinner, where much sympathy was showered upon her. But she remained quite crushed and silent. When the coffee had been finished, Captain Holt arose with much dignity and offered his arm to the pensive girl. She drew back indignantly, but just then the admiral winked at her from across the table, and she accepted the escort. The captain led the way up the main staircase, while the other passengers trailed behind them. On the cabin wall at the head of the stairs was posted the chart on which was traced the day's run of the ship, and beneath this was the date. But some one had pasted a slip of paper over the captain's figures, and in bold handwriting Marion now read :

" February 29, 1904."

" It's just for to-night," explained the captain. " That's the admiral's work. At sea we commanders can drop days and pick them up again if they're badly needed for an emergency. Our word is law."

Marion smiled for the first time since break-

fast. Something was in the wind, and she stripes, union jacks, and trailing pennants made obediently followed her escort's lead to the a new ceiling beneath the awnings. after promenade deck. Then she uttered a

Signal-lamps and strings of Chinese lan-

terns, in fantastic dragon shapes, glowed against the beams and stanchions. Sailors had even hoisted the piano from the deck below. Grandest of all, there flamed in incandescent-light bulbs from the rear of this beautiful out-door room the welcoming motto :

" FEB. 29 — 1888 —
1904."

"Oh!" gasped Marion. "My two birthdays at last! Will you ever forgive me?"

"We did the best we could to make up for carelessness," said the captain, with a twinkle in his eye. "Here comes the admiral. He outranks me. He'll take care of you now."

The admiral led the bewildered girl to a flag-draped chair in the middle of this little fairyland of hers. Then six Chinese sailors shuffled in, bearing on their shoulders a huge cake, blazing with sixteen candles. After them came a file of stewards with violins, a cornet, two guitars, and a clarinet. They assembled themselves around the piano, Mrs. Walters bravely ad-

vanced to the keyboard, and the musicians merrily struck up, "Nancy Lee."

Then the admiral made a speech, and the captain made a speech, and the second mate did some wonderful tricks with cards, a sailor's



"SIX CHINESE SAILORS SHUFFLED IN, BEARING ON THEIR SHOULDERS A HUGE CAKE,
BLAZING WITH SIXTEEN CANDLES."

little cry of astonished joy. Willing hands had worked wonders. The whole space was inclosed with gay bunting, like a fairy bower. Captain Holt had ransacked his lockers for signal-flags, and these curtained in the deck, while stars and

sheath-knife, three oranges, and two empty bottles.

The fourth officer, who was also off duty, danced a sailors' hornpipe with the most finished grace, and a quartet of young men bound on a round-the-world tour sang old Yale and Harvard songs with long-drawn and melodious chords.

Presto! and the deck was cleared of chairs by the agile Chinese sailors, and the orchestra swung into a "two-step." The admiral whirled away with Marion, Captain Holt grasped stout

Mrs. Walters, and the other passengers found partners in no time.

When the mellow notes of the ship's bell forward told them that eleven o'clock had passed, Marion rose at the head of the table on which supper was served, and tried to tell her thanks.

Her closing sentiment was:

"And the very next time I lose a birthday, or somebody else loses one for me, I am going to send for you all — every one of you. There never was such a birthday, nor such a double birthday, afloat or ashore."



A HOLD-UP IN THE PARK.



FIRST SQUIRREL, AT THE POCKET (TO THE COMPANION BEHIND THE STUMP), "KEEP MOVING, BILLY,
AND I 'LL SHARE WHAT I GET WITH YOU."

THE CRIMSON SWEATER.

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR.

CHAPTER VII.

COACHES AND PLAYERS.

OCTOBER was filled with hard work for the foot-ball players. Burlen and Warren and Pryor returned to practice at the end of their probation, and their presence in accustomed positions heartened the team. Bacon still held his place at quarter, although in two games he had been kept out of the play, his position being filled by Roy. But Roy had not had the experience gained by Bacon, and this, together with the fact that he and Horace did not work smoothly together, made it pretty certain that Bacon would go into the game with Hammond. Meanwhile, ever mindful of his promise to Jack Rogers, Roy worked like a Trojan on the second. Chub Eaton, inspired by his friendship for Roy, became a regular attendant at practice. The two boys had become inseparable. Whenever it was possible they were together.

Roy was getting on fairly well with his studies, too. His mother mentioned the scholarship less frequently nowadays in her letters, and his father asked sarcastically whether they taught anything besides foot-ball at Ferry Hill, but was secretly very proud of his son's success in that line.

Green Academy came and saw and conquered, Pottsville High School was sent home beaten, Cedar Cove School was defeated by a single point,—Jack himself kicked the goal that did it,—and lo! the schedule was almost at an end, with only the big game of the season, that with Hammond, looming up portentously ten days distant!

Only a severe illness kept a Ferry Hill student away from the field those days. Every afternoon some graduate or other appeared in a faded brown sweater, and, after watching practice awhile, suddenly darted into the fracas and laid down the law. Roy never forgot the day when Johnny King made his appearance.

Roy was one of the first on the field that afternoon, but Jack and Mr. Cobb were ahead of him, and with them was a big, broad-shouldered youth in his shirt-sleeves. The grad had the look of a chap who knew foot-ball, knew what he wanted and was bound to have it. Then the players assembled, went through a few minutes of catching and punting and signal line-up, and finally faced each other in two eager, determined lines. Mr. Cobb blew his whistle, and the first came through the second for a yard outside of left-tackle. By this time Roy had learned the identity of the graduate, and, when he could, he examined him with interest, remembering what Jack Rogers had told him of the last year's captain. For a while King had little to say. He merely followed the game as it went back and forth in the middle of the field. Then came a try around the second's left end, and Roy, running in, brought the first's left half-back to the earth. The tackle was a hard one, and the half-back lost the ball and sprang to his feet to find Roy edging toward the first's goal with it under his arm. It was the second's first down then, and Roy sent full-back crashing against the opposing left-guard for a yard and a half. That began an advance that the first was unable to stay. Roy was everywhere, and time and again, when the whistle had blown, he was found at the bottom of the heap, still trying to pull the runner ahead. But a fumble by the second's left-tackle, who had been drawn back for a plunge, changed the tide, and the ball went back to the first almost under its goal-posts. A halt was called, Johnny King conferred a moment with Mr. Cobb, and Roy was summoned to the first, Bacon slipping across to the other line. But Roy could have told King then and there that the change would n't pay, for he knew Horace Burlen. And it did n't. King frowned and puzzled during three plays. Then his brow lighted with an inspiration.

"Change those centers," he commanded.

Forrest, amazed and embarrassed by the unexpected honor, changed places with Horace.

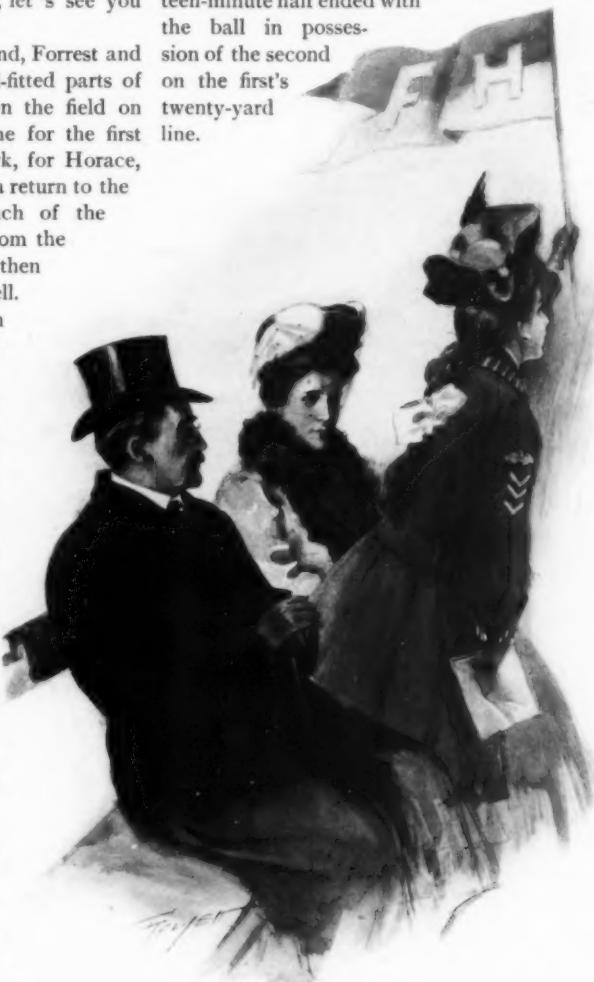
"Somebody tell him the key-number for the signals," said King. "Forrest, let's see you wake up; you're too slow."

Things went better at once, and, Forrest and Roy working together like well-fitted parts of a machine, the ball went down the field on straight plays and over the line for the first score. But Forrest had to work, for Horace, smarting under the indignity of a return to the second, fought over every inch of the ground. The ball was taken from the first and given to Bacon. And then there was a different story to tell.

Bacon piled his men through center, Horace getting the jump on Forrest every time and crashing through in spite of the efforts of the secondary defense. King shook his head and frowned. Then he called Jack Rogers out of the line and talked to him for a minute, while the players repaired broken laces and had their heated faces sponged off. Roy, making the rounds of the men, cheering and entreating, caught by accident a portion of the conversation between the two.

"That's where you've made your mistake," King was saying, sorrowfully. "You've failed to see the possibilities in Forrest. Slow? Sure he is; slow as an ice-wagon! He's too good-natured; I know the sort; but mark my words, Jack, if you can get him mad he'll play like a whirlwind! Oh, it's too late now; Bacon and Burlen are your best pair. Only—well, there's no use regretting. You've picked a good team, and if you can ginger them up you'll stand to win. Give Forrest a chance in the second half; and put Porter in with him. They're a good pair. Too bad Porter can't work better with Burlen; he's a streak, that kid! But—"

Roy moved out of hearing, and presently he and Forrest were back on the second team and were soon hammering their way down the field again with their utmost power. The first fifteen-minute half ended with the ball in possession of the second on the first's twenty-yard line.



"EVEN HARRY JOINED HER SHRILL VOICE, THE WHILE SHE WAVED HER FLAG VALIANTLY." (SEE PAGE 298.)

"I had begun to think that you had made the first that time for sure," said Chub, as he and Roy walked back to the campus together a half hour or more later. "And I believe you would have made it, too, if Horace had n't passed the ball like an idiot."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GAME WITH HAMMOND.

THE gridiron, freshly marked, glistened under bright sunlight. On the far side, overflowing from the small stand out upon the turf, were Hammond's supporters. Opposite were the Ferry Hill hordes. Here were Doctor Emery, Mrs. Emery, and Harry, the latter armed with a brown-and-white banner. Beyond was Roy, one of a half-dozen blanketed forms; still farther along, on the side-line, was Chub Eaton, and from where he sat, down to the distant thirty-yard line, boys with brown-and-white flags and tin horns were scattered.

The two teams had been facing each other for fifteen minutes, during which the ball had hovered almost continuously in mid-field. And now, for the fourth time, it had changed hands, and Bacon was crying his signals. From the Ferry Hill supporters came a rattling cheer: "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! Ferry Hill! Ferry Hill! Ferry Hill!"

And from across the field of battle swept back, mocking and defiant, Hammond's parody: "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! Very ill! Very ill! Very ill!'"

Then cheers were forgotten, for Kirby, Ferry Hill's full-back, was tearing a gash in the red line outside of right-guard. He was almost free of the enemy when Pool, the opposing quarter, dragged him down. But twelve yards is something to gladden the heart when for a quarter of an hour half-yard gains have been the rule.

Another break in the cherry-hued line, and Ferry Hill was down on the opponent's thirty-yard line. Then came two unsuccessful attempts to get through the center, followed by a double-pass that barely gained the necessary five yards. Chub was cheering now, and so were all the others on that side of the gridiron. Even Harry joined her shrill voice, the while she waved her flag valiantly. Again the brown charged into the enemy's line, but this time her attack was broken into fragments. A tandem on right-tackle failed to regain more than a yard of the lost ground, and Pryor, left half-back, fell back for the kick. It was a poor attempt, the ball shooting almost straight into

air. When it came down the Hammond right-tackle found it, fought his way over two white streaks, and was finally pulled to earth on the forty-yard line. Then the tide of battle turned with a vengeance. Back over the field went Hammond, using her heavy backs in a tackle-tandem formation with telling effect. The gains were short but frequent. The wings caught the worst of the hammering, for at center Hammond found it impossible to gain, although Jones, her much-heralded center-rush, was proving himself a good match for Horace Burlen. The backs saved the day time and again, bringing down the runner when almost clear of the line. Hammond tried no tricks, but pinned her faith to straight foot-ball, relying upon an exceptionally heavy and fast set of backs. Down to Ferry Hill's twenty-five yards swept the line of battle, slowly, irrevocably. There the brown-clad line held against the enemy and received the ball on downs.

The brown's first attempt netted scarcely a yard. Their second, a quarter-back run, came to an inglorious end, Bacon being nailed well back of the line. Then, with six yards to gain on the third down, Pryor once more fell back for a kick. This time he got the ball off well, and the opponents went racing back up the field. Hammond's quarter gathered it in, reeled off some ten yards, and was brought down. Once again the advance began, and soon, before the fifty-five-yard line had been passed, the Ferry Hill supporters saw with dismay that Hammond was aiming her attack, and not without success, at the center of her opponent's line. Horace Burlen was weakening, and although Fernald and Gallup, on either side, were aiding him with all their power, Hammond's tandem plunged through his position again and again for small gains. Bacon's voice, hoarse and strained, coaxed and commanded; but down to the forty yards went the cherry-and-black, and from there to the thirty-five, and from there, but by shorter gains now, to the thirty.

"Hold 'em! Hold 'em! Hold 'em!" was the cry from the wavers of the brown-and-white banners. But it was far easier said than done. Once more within sight of a score, Hammond was desperately determined to reach that last white line. To the twenty-five yards she crept,

and then she was almost to the twenty. A long plunge through center and the fifteen was close at hand. But just as the wearied and much battered defense crawled to their feet, a whistle shrilled sharply and the half was over. And Jack Rogers, as he limped across the trampled turf to the bench, thanked his star for the timely intervention.

The players disappeared through the gate to the gymnasium, followed by Mr. Cobb and a handful of graduates. Chub ran up to Roy.

"Everybody says you'll go in this half," he whispered.

"I won't get in unless Forrest does," answered Roy.

"Well, he's sure to. Why, Horace is almost done up already! Look at the way Hammond was plowing through him! Say, that's a great tandem of theirs, is n't it?"

"It would n't be so much against a team that got started quicker. Our line's too plaguey slow, and half of them are playing away up in the air. Look at Hadden! Rogers ought to make him get down on his knees. Here they come!"

The greater part of the second half was almost a repetition of the first. Both teams were playing straight foot-ball, and it would be difficult to say which was the more aggressive. For a time the ball was in Ferry Hill's territory, and then for another ten minutes in Hammond's. There were many nerve-racking moments, but each side, whenever its goal seemed in danger, was lucky enough to get the ball on downs and, by a long punt, send it out to the middle of the field.

Hammond had gained a lot of ground at a cost of much strength, only to be turned back thrice. It began to look as though fate were against her. Once, the sight of the two teams lined up almost under Hammond's goal brought joy to the hearts of the friends of the brown, and the cheering took on a new tone, that of hope. But the ball was still in the enemy's hands, and once more the advance began. They hammered hard at Burlen and gained their distance. They swooped down on Walker and trampled over him. They thrust Gallup aside and went marching through until the secondary defense piled them up in a heap. But it was slower going

now, there was more time between plays, and knowing ones amongst the watchers predicted a scoreless game. And there was scarcely twelve minutes left.

The Hammond players clung to the ball like grim death. On her twenty-five yards she made a gain of three yards through center, and when the pile of writhing bodies had been untangled, Horace Burlen still lay upon the sod. Roy turned quickly toward Forrest. That youth was watching calmly and chewing a blade of grass. Failing to catch his eye, Roy looked for Mr. Cobb. Already he was heading toward them.

"Forrest!" he called. And Forrest slowly climbed to his feet.

"Porter!" And Roy was up like a flash, had tossed aside his blanket and was awaiting orders.

CHAPTER IX.

FORREST LOSES HIS TEMPER AND ROY KEEPS HIS PROMISE.

THE coach led Roy and Forrest to the field and gave them his orders.

"Get in there, you two," he said briskly, "and show what you can do. What you've got to do—*got* to do, mind!—is to keep them away from your goal-line. Forrest, if you ever moved quick in your life, do it now. Their center's a good man, but he's been playing pretty nearly an hour and is tired. He'll play foul, too, I guess; Burlen's face is pretty well colored up. But don't you dare to slug back at him; understand?"

Forrest nodded smilingly.

"And as for you, Porter, just you play the best game you know. And keep every fellow's courage up; that's half of it. I'm taking Rogers out,—he's not fit to stand up any longer,—and you'll act as captain. You'll know what to do on defense, and if you get the ball remember the ends. Give Whitcomb a chance; I think you can get through between tackle and end. Don't be afraid to take risks; if you get the ball, risk anything!"

Roy and Forrest trotted toward the group of players. Burlen and Rogers were coming unwillingly off, the latter limping badly. Jack Rogers turned from his course to speak to them.

"Good boy, Forrest!" he panted. "Porter, remember your promise!"

Roy nodded and sprinted into the group.

"All right now!" he cried cheerfully. "Get into it, everybody! You fellows in the line have got to play lower. Get down there, Walker; you're up in the clouds. Charge into 'em now! Look at 'em! They're beaten already!"

Then he retreated up the field and watched.

Hammond had replaced her left-tackle and left-half with fresh men, and when the whistle blew went to work again as though she meant business. A straight plunge by the new left-half gained a yard through Gallup. Then the tandem formed again, and again the hammering began. Presently Roy saw that Forrest had been picked out for attention, and was getting a lot of it. Two gains through him in quick succession brought the ball back to the thirty yards. Roy raced up to the line.

"Forrest, if you let 'em through here once more I'll lick you till you can't stand up!" shouted Roy, his blue eyes blazing.

After the next attack at center, Roy again ran up. Forrest turned with a bleeding nose and a new light in his eyes.

"You don't need to scold," he said quietly. "He just handed me this."

"No slugging, remember!"

"I won't slug; I'll just play ball!"

And he did. There were no more gains through center while play lasted. Time and again Jones, the big Hammond center, was literally lifted off his feet by Forrest's savage onslaught; twice the pass was practically spoiled. Forrest was angry, and, being angry, forgot both his good-nature and his slowness. Hammond soon transferred her attention to the wings again, and found a fairly vulnerable spot where Jack Rogers had given place to a substitute. But there was no chance for her to score, and she knew it. Now she was only killing time, determined to keep the ball in her possession and guard her goal until the whistle blew. And she would have done it, too, had not Forrest lost his temper. That blow on the nose hurt, and he set out to make life as unpleasant as possible for his adversary. He did n't slug once, but he pushed and hauled and upset Jones until that gentleman was thor-

oughly exasperated. Finally, when the ball had been worked back to the center of the field and the word had gone around that there was only nine minutes of time left, Forrest spoiled a snap-back, the ball trickled from Pool's hands, and Forrest plunged through and fell upon it.

Roy raced in, crying signals as he came. Time was called while the Hammond center and the Hammond captain made vain appeals to have the ball returned to them, claiming interference with the snapper-back. But, as before, they were denied, and the two teams lined up again, this time with the ball in Forrest's hands.

"7, 6, 43, 89!" called Roy, and Whitcomb, with the pigskin snuggled in his elbow, was racing around left end. All of eight yards gained, and the crowd on the side-line wild with delight. Flags waved and horns shrieked, and over it all, or so Roy thought, could be heard the shrill voice of Harry.

It was a time for risks, the coach had said, and Roy took them. Over and over he attempted hazardous plays that ought not to have succeeded, but that did, partly, perhaps, because of their very improbability. The wavers of the brown-and-white banners had visions of a score. But they were not considering the fact that the timer's watch proclaimed but five minutes left.

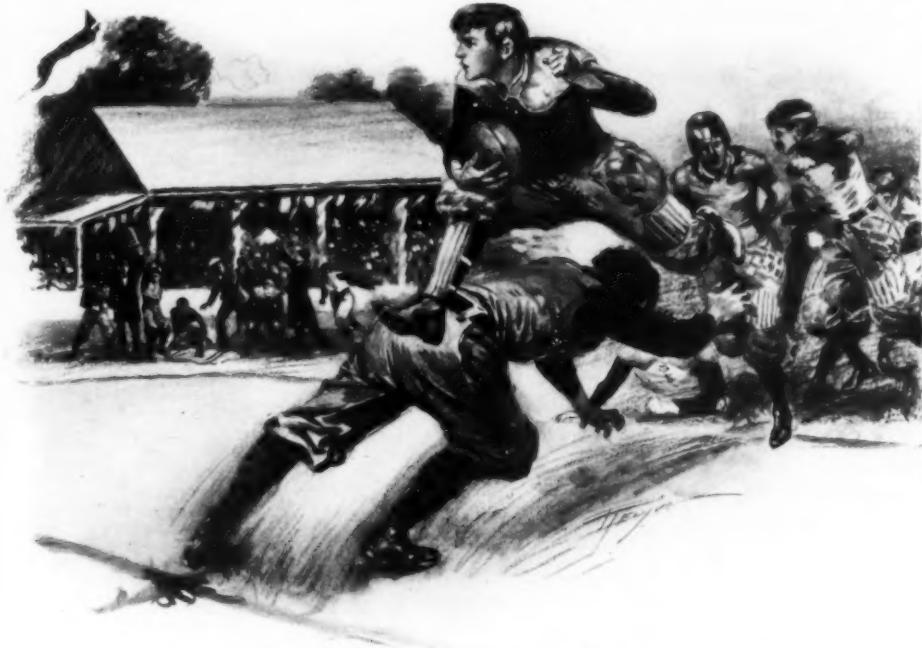
Five minutes was not time enough for Ferry Hill to rush the ball from the forty yards down to the goal-line for a score, even when the backs were getting two, three, and even four yards at a plunge. But even those who up until the last moment had hoped that the brown, by merit or fluke, would win out, could not but feel almost satisfied at the ending of the game. For now Ferry Hill was outplaying Hammond man for man, in spite of the fact that what superiority there was in age and weight was with the rival team. Both elevens were tired, but the Ferry Hill warriors fought harder, more determinedly, every moment. Chub, watching anxiously, turned to Sidney Welch.

"Sid," said Chub, "if we had another quarter of an hour to play we'd lick 'em sure as fishing! Why, we're playing better every

minute! And look at Roy Porter! He is just getting warmed up. Did you ever see a man run a team any better, eh? And look at the way he gets around, himself, will you? Why, he's into everything! He reminds me of Snip out in the barn. I saw Snip kill a rat, bite the cow's leg, chase a fly, and scratch his ear all inside of ten seconds one day. And Roy's just like him. And, just between you and me, Sid, the fellows are working better for him than they did for Bacon; but maybe it's

that cheer; it proclaimed confidence and affection, and it heartened them so that when the dust of battle had blown aside the man with the ball lay across the thirty-yard line.

It was maddening. Only thirty yards to go, only six trampled white lines to cross, and not time enough to do it, unless— Roy called for time to tie a lace, and while he bent over his shoe he thought hard. Ever since he had taken charge of the team he had been studying the disposition of the enemy's force. He had one



"ROY LEAPED UPWARD AND FORWARD, CLEARING HIM BY A FOOT." (SEE PAGE 303.)

because they're finding their pace. The whistle will blow, I'll bet a cooky, just when we're on the edge of a score! Look at Jack Rogers; he's over there by the side-lines. See? I'll bet he does n't know whether he's on his head or his feet, and I don't believe he could tell you his name this minute if you asked him. Here, let's give 'em a cheer."

Chub leaped to his feet and in a moment the slogan was thundering across the field to where eleven brown-clad figures were forming once more against the foe. And it did them good,

more trump to play—a quarter-back run. He had kept it for the last because he did not want to appear to be seeking personal glory. For that reason he had given every one of the backs, as well as the two tackles, a chance. But while they had made good gains, they had failed to get clear for a run. And now he was surely entitled to a try himself. Not that he was very hopeful of succeeding where the others had failed; for Pool, the rival quarter, was a veritable wonder, and time and again had called the play in time to allow the back-field

to spoil the run. But time was almost up—there could not be more than three minutes remaining, and it was now or never.

The ball was on Hammond's twenty-eight yards, and well over to the left of the gridiron. Pool had halved the distance to his goal, and was standing there on his toes, somewhat over toward the right, watching like a lynx. The whistle blew and Roy called his signals. Right-tackle fell back of the line, and left-half and full formed behind him in tandem. The attack was straight at center, and with Forrest heaving and shoving, and half and full pushing from behind, tackle went through for two yards. Again the same formation and the same point of attack. But this time Hammond's backs were there, and the gain was less than a yard. It was third down and a trifle over two to go. Once more the signals and the tandem. But as the backs, led by right tackle, plunged forward, Roy, with the ball hidden at his side, dodged behind them and sped along the line toward the right. For a moment the ruse went undiscovered, but before he had reached his opening between tackle and end, Pool had seen him and had started to head him off. Then, as luck would have it, Roy's own right-end got in his way, and Roy was forced to run behind him. That settled the fate of the attempt at a touchdown. Pool was close up to him now. Roy ran across the field in an attempt to shake him off, but to no purpose. He had not gained a foot, and he knew it. There was no use in heading toward the side of the field any longer; he must try to capture the necessary two yards. So, swinging quickly, he headed in, got one of the yards, made a brave attempt to dodge the wily Pool, and came to earth.

"Hammond's ball; first down!" called the referee.

Roy trotted back up the field, trying his best not to show his disappointment. Hammond was not going to take any risks there in front of her goal, and so her quarter fell back for a punt. Pryor ran back to cover the left of the field. Roy heard the signals called, and then saw the Ferry Hill forwards plunge through in an endeavor to block the kick. Then the ball was arching up against the darkening sky. For a moment it was impossible to judge of the

direction. Then Roy was running to the right and back up the field. It was a splendid punt and must have covered all of fifty yards, for when the ball settled into Roy's arms he was near his own thirty-five-yard line.

For once the tuckered Hammond ends were slow in getting down, and for a moment Roy had an open field. With Pryor leading, he dashed straight up the middle of the field. At least he would put the ball back in Hammond territory. Ten yards, and then Pryor met the first of the enemy. Roy swerved and dodged the second. Then the foe was thick in front of him. The Ferry Hill players turned and raced beside him, forming hasty interference, and for a while he sped on unmolested, to the wild shrieks of the watchers. Then the Hammond left-half broke through and dove at him. Somehow, in what way he could never have told, he escaped that tackle, but it had forced him toward the side of the field. The fifty-five-yard line was behind him now. Back of him pounded the feet of friend and foe alike; ahead of him were the Hammond right-half and quarter, the former almost at hand. Roy edged a bit into the field, for the side-line was coming dangerously near. Then he feinted, felt the half-backs clutch on his knee, wrenched himself loose, and went staggering, spinning on. He had recovered in another five yards, and was running swiftly again. He had little fear of being caught from behind, for he believed himself a match for any runner on the Hammond eleven; but in front of him was Pool, coming up warily with eager, outstretched hands, striving to drive him out of bounds. Roy cast an anxious glance toward the goal-line and his heart leaped. The final white streak looked encouragingly near. Then he shifted the ball to his right arm, and turned acutely toward the middle of the field. Pool was directly in his path now, as Roy, fighting for breath, sped on straight for the goal. For one instant the quarter's eyes burned into his. Then the decisive moment had come, and Roy, taking a deep breath, gathered himself. Forward shot the enemy in a splendid diving tackle, clutching fingers outspread. But the fingers grasped the empty air; for as he left the ground, Roy, the ball clutched tightly

against his breast, leaped upward and forward, clearing him by a foot.

From there to the goal-line was only a romp, although he had to fight hard for breath, and although the defeated right half-back was close behind him all the way. Straight between the posts he staggered, placed the ball on the turf, and rolled over on his back beside it. Somewhere they were cheering madly, and nearer at hand people were shouting. Then, recovering from his momentary giddiness, Roy opened his eyes, shut them again because some one was slapping a great cold, wet sponge over his face, and then sat up. Some one gave him a hand, and he got upon his feet, swayed a little dizzily,

and then found himself in the grip of what at first seemed a bear and afterward turned out to be Jack Rogers.

"You remembered your promise, Porter," Jack was saying softly; "and I'll not forget mine. You're a trump!"

Pryor failed miserably at the try for goal, but who cared? Surely not Jack Rogers, leading the cheer for his defeated rivals; nor Roy, dodging his fellows as he tried to steal away to the gymnasium; nor Harry, waving her brown-and-white flag and shrieking lustily; least of all the throng of fellows who, with banners flying and tin horns sounding, danced madly around the field in the November twilight.

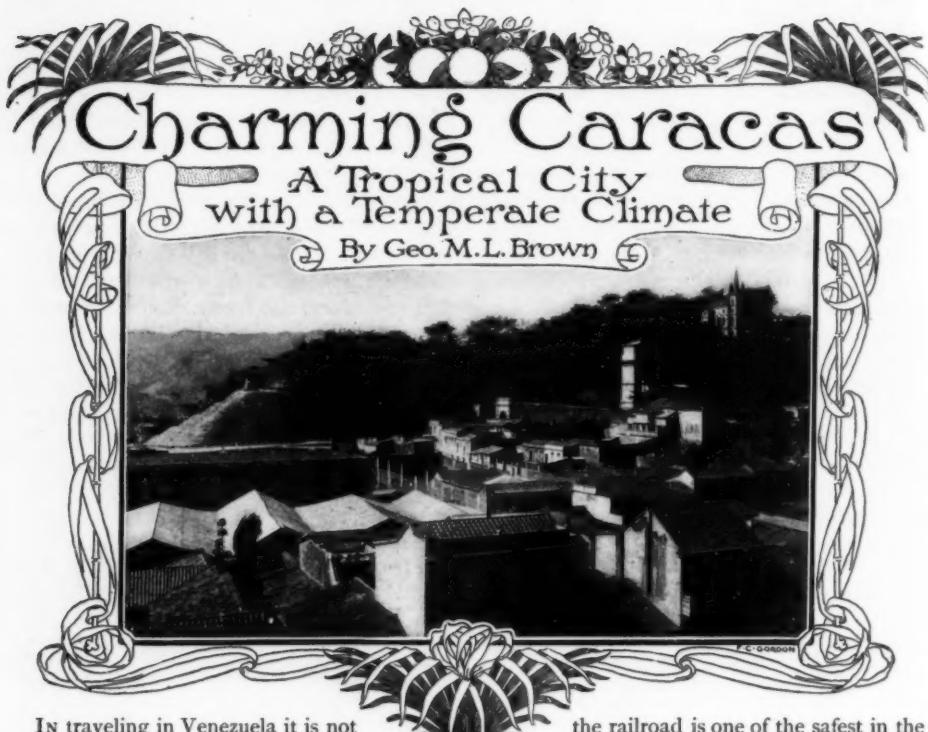
(To be continued.)

DOMESTIC TROUBLES IN AFRICA.



THE NURSE: "IF THIS BABY KEEPS ON GROWING, I'LL GIVE NOTICE TO MRS. HIPPO THAT I'M GOING TO LEAVE NEXT WEEK!"





In traveling in Venezuela it is not enough to ask how far distant a place is, but also how far up or down,—in other words, what its altitude is,—and, no less important, what hills and valleys have to be crossed. Thus it is not only necessary to know that Caracas is six miles distant in a straight line from La Guayra, its seaport, but that it lies at an elevation of nearly half a mile above sea-level, and that to reach it one has to cross a mountain-wall rising far above the clouds. This, to the experienced traveler means that he must prepare for an entirely different climate.

There are, in all, four ways of reaching Caracas from La Guayra; but almost every traveler, except a few adventurous tourists, goes by the railroad. This trip, indeed, seems perilous enough to those taking it for the first time, as the train winds and twists its way up the mountain-side till one trembles to look into the dizzy depth beneath him, and shudders to think what might happen if the power should fail, or a car become detached and dash down the steep incline. As a matter of fact, however,

the railroad is one of the safest in the world, and so much care is taken by the management that not one passenger has lost his life during the twenty years that the road has been operated. The distance by rail is twenty-four miles, and the journey lasts two hours.

Previous to the opening of the railroad, the people traveled back and forth on an old highway built by the early Spaniards; and even today much freight is transported by pack-donkey over this route, especially cans of kerosene, which seem just fitted—as I believe they are—for the backs of these sturdy little burden-bearers.

The other two routes are simply paths.

The second path or trail leads directly over the mountain, and is the shortest route in distance—not in time—that one can take. This I tried to climb in company with the ship's surgeon on the day of my arrival, and the experience is one that I shall not soon forget.

The scenery along the way is magnificent. Nowhere else on earth—even Teneriffe not excepted—is such a mighty cliff to be found rising

abruptly from the ocean; and when one reaches a height of three or four thousand feet and takes his parting view of La Guayra, it seems as if he were looking down upon the town and the decks of the vessels from another world. At this altitude we were well above the clouds, and when they closed in, as they presently did, shutting off the sea and the sun-parched strip of coast, I could almost imagine that an ocean of froth had hidden forever the familiar waters of the Spanish Main.

But we had much to think of besides the scenery. We were tired and thirsty, and had yet a long way to climb.

"I should like to meet the man who told us we could walk it in four hours!" growled my companion.

"But, doctor," I exclaimed, suddenly jumping to my feet, "he said we could go *from Caracas to La Guayra* in four hours. Whatever were we thinking of!"

"Well, is there any difference?" asked the doctor.

"Of course there is," I laughed—"a difference of three thousand feet *down* instead of *up*!" Strange to say, it had not occurred to either of us till that moment.

The valley of Caracas, in fact, is simply a pocket situated high up among the hilltops, and the wonder is how Losada, the Spanish knight who founded the city, ever reached such an inaccessible place. Indeed, fortunate would

it have been for succeeding generations if he had never discovered it, though the valley is so



A DANGEROUS CURVE ON THE LA GUAYRA AND CARACAS RAILWAY.

beautiful and the climate so cool and refreshing that one is at first inclined to agree with Humboldt, the great traveler and scientist, who declared it to be an ideal spot.

Nevertheless, Humboldt knew from the for-



AMERICAN WARSHIPS LYING OFF LA GUAYRA.

mation of the land that Caracas would always be in danger of destruction by earthquake, and the first fulfilment of his prophecy took place in 1812, when the entire city was reduced to ruins, and twelve thousand people were killed. Between 1812 and 1900, though many slight shocks were experienced, only one caused sufficient damage to be recorded in history; but in the latter year the city was badly shaken, several lives were lost, and a great many buildings injured. The people were in a dreadful panic and camped in the gardens and public parks for three weeks. This was in October, and as most of the violent shocks have occurred at that time (although the greatest catastrophe took place in April), the autumn months are known as the earthquake season.

As a slight offset to this, Caracas, like most Spanish-American cities, is singularly free from



A SCENE IN CARACAS AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE OF 1900.
REPAIRING A DAMAGED HOUSE.

fires; and although an occasional blaze takes place, the police have no difficulty in preventing the spread of the flames. This, of course, is due to the structure of the houses, both the outer and inner walls of which, and frequently



STATUE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON IN CARACAS.

the floors and ceilings, are of masonry. Imagine a city of seventy-five thousand people without a fire-engine, a hose-reel, or even a regular fireman!

Quite as useless in the average South American city is an elevator, and I doubt if one could be found in all Venezuela. But the telephone, the telegraph, electric lights, and many other modern inventions have long since been introduced.

I arrived in Caracas in the wet season, which, strangely enough, lasts throughout the summer months, winter being dry and pleasant. South of the equator, of course, in Brazil, Argentina, and the neighboring republics, June, July, and August — our summer — also constitute the wet season; but these are the winter months of the southern hemisphere, and seem the proper time for the rains. Caracas, however, lies ten degrees north of the equator, and its seasons, one would suppose, would correspond with our own. But the traveler in South America soon ceases to marvel at such contradictions, for he may find two districts, separated only by a few

miles of mountains, and frequently of the same altitude, one of which has two seasons and the other four. Indeed, he may find adjacent valleys enjoying seasons the reverse of each other, while near by may be a coast town which can boast of but one season, year in, year out, a sultry, never-ending July.

Just what Caracas would do without its rainy season I cannot imagine, for the city is far from being clean and sanitary. Garbage is thrown into the yards for the vultures to feed upon; dust and papers accumulate in the streets; and the visitor is about to pronounce the city the dirtiest he has ever seen, when Nature suddenly decides to put things to rights. An ordinary rainfall would not suffice now; a thorough flushing is needed, and nothing short of a deluge will do it.

But somewhere up in the mountain-tops the deluge is forming, and presently a great, black vapor overspreads the valley. It comes slowly at first, as if to warn the people to go indoors, but when it has acquired sufficient density it falls. In a moment, almost, the streets and courtyards are flooded, the fantastic water-spouts that overhang the sidewalks pour out their streams like gigantic kettle-spouts, and so loud is the noise of the splashing and spattering

that the stranger is really alarmed lest the roof should give in.

Half an hour later one tiptoes along the shiny pavements, as if over a newly scrubbed floor;



A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN GOING TO TOWN.

above him is a sky of spotless blue, while the only clouds to be seen are insignificant patches of white along the mountain-sides. Yet, in an incredibly short space of time the whole process may be repeated.

Those who have read of Caracas as the "Paris of South America" may wonder how a city so backward can claim such a title. But Caracas



A GENERAL VIEW OF CARACAS.



A VENEZUELAN NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER.

was not always in her present condition. Some time ago, Venezuela had a president, or dictator, named Guzman-Blanco, who was a most remarkable man. He was extremely arbitrary in all that he undertook, and often unjust; but he did more for the country, and especially for

the capital, than all the presidents who have preceded or followed him.

It was during his régime — which is a more correct word to use than presidency — that foreign investors were invited to build railroads, establish steamship-lines, and to develop the great resources of the country. He did a great deal for education, too, and urged the people to make Venezuela the most enlightened and progressive republic in all Spanish America.

As a Venezuelan president cannot remain in office two terms in succession, Guzman-Blanco appointed a successor at the end of his first term, and went as ambassador to Paris, where, however, he ruled the country as arbitrarily as if he were at home. At the end of his "dummy's" term he returned to assume office, and by this means he kept the "reins of power," as they say in the histories, for a long period.

It was from living so much in Paris that he conceived the idea of making Caracas a distant rival of the French metropolis; and although it is as absurd to compare them as it would be to compare New York and Dawson City, yet it must be admitted that he accomplished wonders. He paved the streets with stone, and had them



THREE POTENTATES. THESE BOYS, DURING A RECENT CARNIVAL, REPRESENTED THE THREE RACES IN VENEZUELA: THE INDIAN, THE WHITE, AND THE NEGRO.



A VENEZUELAN HOUSEHOLD.

kept scrupulously clean; he built a magnificent capitol; an opera-house that would not look out of place in Madrid; a national pantheon, where the bodies of Bolivar and other patriots were placed; and so many hospitals, charitable institutions, and public buildings that one wonders what all the presidents before him did. The later presidents, it must be admitted, have even failed to keep the public institutions in repair. Besides all this, Guzman-Blanco laid out a fine park on a rocky hill within the city limits, and beautified the many plazas, erecting statues of the national heroes, not forgetting himself.

The idea of a president erecting statues in his own honor strikes an American or an Englishman as so funny that he can hardly credit it when told that Guzman-Blanco did it repeatedly, besides having his portrait placed in so many public buildings that one could not go anywhere without being confronted with his likeness. Furthermore, he called himself the "Illustrious American," and placed his name and title upon all the other statues that he erected, as if to divide the honors with the dead. But he overstepped the mark, and when finally overthrown and sent into exile, his portraits and statues were quickly demolished, his beautiful home was looted, and even his valuable coffee and cocoa estates ruined. Poor Venezuela! she

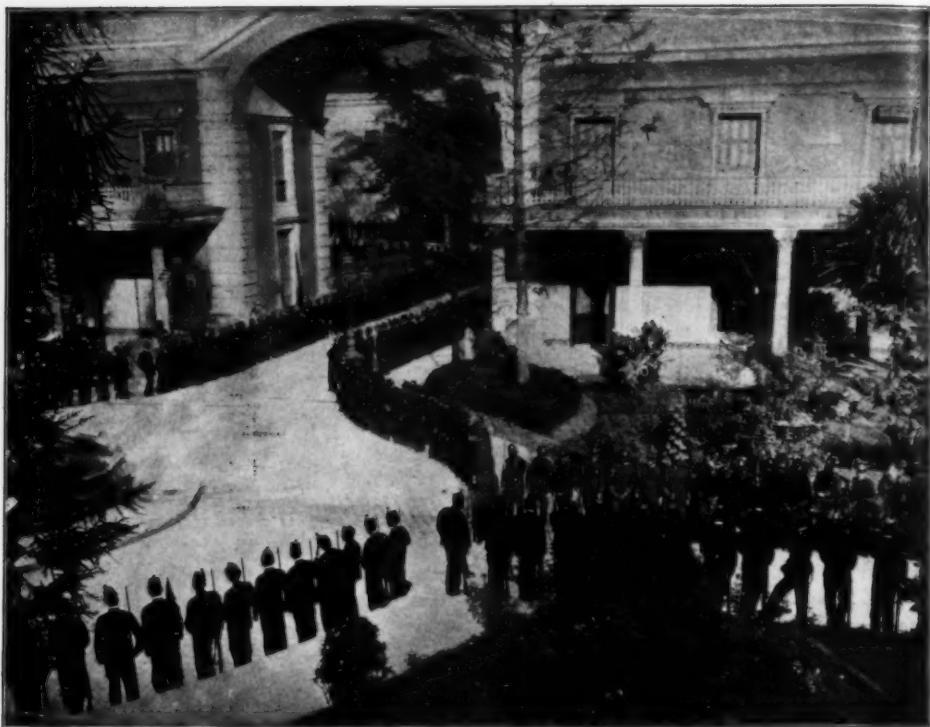
has never had the same prosperity since; and as for Caracas, it is a very different city from the "little Paris" of Guzman-Blanco.

Yet Caracas is a charming place to spend a vacation in. One never tires of watching the pack-trains arriving with loads of coffee, cocoa, or market produce, or setting out with all manner of queer merchandise for the country estates. Then there is the market, where one is sure to find some new variety of fruit or vegetable, no matter how often he visits it. Even more interesting to me are the quaint houses which seem so many centuries behind the times, and



MRS. HUTCHESON, WIFE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE UNITED STATES LEGATION, AND HER PET FAWN IN THE GARDEN OF HER BEAUTIFUL CARACAS HOME.

yet present such delightful vistas as one glances through their forbidding doorways. And, of



AT THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT CASTRO, CARACAS, 1902. THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAPITOL.

course, there are excursions to be made on every side : tramps across the valley among the banana and sugar-cane plantations, or up the hillside to see a coffee-estate.

I say *tramp*, for that is the exercise I have usually indulged in ; but to the boys and girls who visit Caracas I would recommend a much livelier diversion — riding donkey-back. What the hire per hour would be, I cannot state ; but when I stopped to admire a lively little burro, which I said to myself would be just the thing

for a wee lassie I know in New York, the driver offered to sell him to me outright for twelve dollars. The present President of Venezuela is General Cipriano Castro, who in 1899 led a revolt against the government of President Andrade. The latter's troops were defeated and Castro proclaimed himself provisional President. He held this office successfully against Andrade, and in 1901 he was regularly elected by the Venezuelan Congress to serve out Andrade's unexpired term. He holds office until 1908.

A CAPITAL GUESS.

"FOR whom was our national capital named?"
the teacher asked one day,
And Johnny Jones responded, in his hesitating way —

But clearly proved beyond a doubt he had
the fact, at least, —
"Our Washington, D. C., was named for Wash-
ington, deceased."

Nixon Waterman.

THE SNAP-SHOT.

BY EDWIN L. SABIN.

"COME on; all ready. Stand right there.
I'll tell you when I'm taking. Wait—
I've got to focus. Now! Prepare!
No, no—the camera's not straight.
How far is it, do you suppose?
I'm focussing at twenty feet.
No, papa need n't change his clothes.
And does n't baby look *too* sweet!"

"Now! Wait a minute—I can't get
You all in, somehow. Mama, please
Move close to papa—closer yet;
Or sit, with baby on your knees.
I'll move back, too, a little bit.
Now! Wait—you're partly in the shade.
I guess that mama'll have to sit,
Or else she won't show, I'm afraid."

"And, papa, you sit, too. Let's see—
No, that won't do; your feet are out
Of focus; they would look to be
As big as ferry-boats, about!
Turn catty-corner—there! Now! No,
That won't do. Wait. I guess we planned
Best way at first. You seem so low.
Perhaps you *all* had better stand."

"No! Wait!—until the sun is bright.
How mean a cloud should interfere!
You're all three now exactly right!
Just fine! And baby's moved! Oh, dear!
But there—it's coming out! Now, quick!
Here, baby! Look at sister—look!
Just look at sis—I'm taking!" (Click!)
"There, now! It's over with. You're 'took.'"





CONGRESSMAN LINCOLN.—“HE ALWAYS BROUGHT A CHEERY ATMOSPHERE INTO THE DINING-ROOM.”

THE BOYS' LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY HELEN NICOLAY.

IV.

CONGRESSMAN LINCOLN.

HOPEFUL and cheerful as he ordinarily seemed, there was in Mr. Lincoln's disposition a strain of deep melancholy. This was not peculiar to him alone, for the pioneers as a race were somber rather than gay. Their lives had been passed for generations under the most trying physical conditions near malaria-infested streams, and where they breathed the poison of decaying vegetation. Insufficient shelter, storms, the cold of winter, savage enemies, and the cruel labor that killed off all but the hardest of them, had at the same time killed the happy-go-lucky gaiety of an easier form of life. They were thoughtful, watchful, wary; capable indeed of wild merriment: but it has been said that although a pioneer might laugh, he could not easily be made to smile. Lincoln's mind was unusually sound and sane and normal. He had a cheerful, wholesome, sunny nature, yet he had inherited the strongest traits of the pioneers, and there was in him, moreover, much of the poet, with a poet's great capacity for joy and pain. It is not strange that as he developed into manhood, especially when his deeper nature began to feel the stirrings of ambition and of love, that these seasons of depression and gloom came upon him with overwhelming force.

During his childhood he had known few women, save his mother, and that kind, God-fearing woman his stepmother, who did so much to make his childhood hopeful and happy. No man ever honored women more truly than did Abraham Lincoln; while all the qualities that caused men to like him—his strength, his ambition, his kindness—served equally to make him a favorite with them. In the years of his young manhood three women greatly occupied his thoughts. The first was the slender, fair-haired Ann Rutledge, whom he

very likely saw for the first time as she stood with the group of mocking people on the riverbank, near her father's mill, the day Lincoln's flatboat stuck on the dam at New Salem. It was her death, two years before he went to live at Springfield, that brought on the first attack of melancholy of which we know, causing him such deep grief that for a time his friends feared his sorrow might drive him insane.

Another friend was Mary Owens, a Kentucky girl, very different from the gentle, blue-eyed Ann Rutledge, but worthy in every way of a man's affections. She had visited her sister in New Salem several years before, and Lincoln remembered her as a tall, handsome, well-educated young woman, who could be serious as well as gay, and who was considered wealthy. In the autumn of 1836, her sister, Mrs. Able, then about to start on a visit to Kentucky, jokingly offered to bring Mary back if Lincoln would promise to marry her. He, also in jest, agreed to do so. Much to his astonishment, he learned, a few months later, that she had actually returned with Mrs. Able, and his sensitive conscience made him feel that the jest had turned into real earnest, and that he was in duty bound to keep his promise if she wished him to do so. They had both changed since they last met; neither proved quite pleasing to the other, yet an odd sort of courtship was kept up, until, sometime after Lincoln went to live in Springfield, Miss Owens put an end to the affair by refusing him courteously but firmly. Meantime he lived through much unhappiness and uncertainty of spirit, and made up his mind "never again to think of marrying": a resolution which he kept—until another Kentucky girl drove it from his thoughts.

Springfield had by this time become very lively and enterprising. There was a deal of "flourishing around in carriages," as Lincoln wrote Miss Owens, and business and politics

and society all played an active part in the life of the little town. The meetings of the legislature brought to the new capital a group of young men of unusual talent and ability. There was friendly rivalry between them, and party disputes ran high, but social good-humor prevailed, and the presence of these brilliant young people, later to become famous as Presidential candidates, cabinet ministers, senators, congressmen, orators, and battle heroes, lent to the social gatherings of Springfield a zest rarely found in larger places.

and although as poor as a church mouse, was quite as welcome anywhere as the men who wore ruffled shirts and could carry gold watches. Miss Todd soon singled out and held the admiration of such of the Springfield beaux as pleased her somewhat wilful fancy, and Lincoln, being much at the Edwards house, found himself, almost before he knew it, entangled in a new love-affair. In the course of a twelvemonth he was engaged to marry her, but something, nobody knows what or how, happened to break the engagement, and to



THE HOUSE IN WHICH ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS MARRIED.

Into the midst of this gaiety came Mary Todd of Kentucky, twenty-one years old, handsome, accomplished, and witty—a dashing and fascinating figure in dress and conversation. She was the sister of Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards, whose husband was a prominent Whig member of the legislature—one of the "Long Nine," as these men were known. Their added height was said to be fifty-five feet, and they easily made up in influence what they lacked in numbers. Lincoln was the "tallest" of them all in body and in mind,

plunge him again in a very sea of wretchedness. Nor is it necessary that we should know about it further than that a great trouble came upon him, which he bore nobly, after his kind. Few men have had his stern sense of duty, his tenderness of heart, his conscience, so easy toward others, so merciless toward himself. The trouble preyed upon his mind until he could think of nothing else. He became unable to attend to business, or to take any part in the life around him. Fearing for his reason as well as for his health if this continued, his good

friend Joshua F. Speed carried him off, whether he wished or no, for a visit to his own home in Kentucky. Here they stayed for some time, and Lincoln grew much better, returning to Springfield about midsummer, almost his old self, though far from happy.

An affair that helped to bring the lovers together again is so out of keeping with the rest of his life, that it would deserve mention for that reason, if for no other. This is nothing less than Lincoln's first and only duel. It happened that James Shields, afterward a general in two wars and a senator from two States, was at that time auditor of the State of Illinois, with his office at Springfield. He was a Democrat, and an Irishman by birth, with an Irishman's quick temper and readiness to take offense. He had given orders about collecting certain taxes which displeased the Whigs, and shortly after Lincoln came back from Kentucky a series of humorous letters ridiculing the auditor and his order appeared in the Springfield paper, to the great amusement of the townspeople and the fury of Shields. These letters were dated from the "Lost Townships," and were supposed to be written by a farmer's widow signing herself "Aunt Rebecca." The real writers were Miss Todd and a clever friend, who undertook them more for the purpose of poking fun at Shields than for party effect. In framing the political part of their attack, they had found it necessary to consult Lincoln, and he obligingly set them a pattern by writing the first letter himself.

Shields sent to the editor of the paper to find out the name of the real "Rebecca." The editor, as in duty bound, consulted Lincoln, and was told to give Lincoln's name, but not to mention the ladies. Shields then sent Lincoln an angry challenge; and Lincoln, who considered the whole affair ridiculous, and would willingly have explained his part in it if Shields had made a gentlemanly inquiry, chose as weapons "broad-swords of the largest size," and named as conditions of the duel that a plank ten feet long be firmly fixed on edge in the ground, as a line over which neither combatant was to pass his foot upon forfeit of his life. Next, lines were to be drawn upon the ground on each side of the plank, parallel with it, at the

distance of the whole length of the sword and three feet additional. The passing of his own line by either man was to be deemed a surrender of the fight.

It is easy to see from these conditions that Lincoln refused to consider the matter seriously, and determined to treat it as absurdly as it deserved. He and Shields, and their respective seconds, with the broadswords, hurried away to an island in the Mississippi River, opposite Alton; but long before the plank was set up, or swords were drawn, mutual friends took the matter out of the hands of the seconds, and declared a settlement of the difficulty.

The affair created much talk and merriment in Springfield, but Lincoln found in it more than comedy. By means of it he and Miss Todd were again brought together in friendly interviews, and on November 4, 1842, they were married at the house of Mr. Edwards. Four children were born of this marriage: Robert Todd Lincoln, August 1, 1843; Edward Baker Lincoln, March 10, 1846; William Wallace Lincoln, December 21, 1850; and Thomas Lincoln, April 4, 1853. Edward died while a baby; William, in the White House, February 20, 1862; Thomas, in Chicago, July 15, 1871; and the mother, Mary Lincoln, in Springfield, July 16, 1882. Robert Lincoln was graduated from Harvard during the Civil War, serving afterward on the staff of General Grant. He has since been Secretary of War and Minister to England, has held many other important positions of trust and is now President of the Pullman Palace Car Company.

His wedding over, Lincoln took up again the practical routine of daily life. He and his bride were so poor that they could not make the visit to Kentucky that both would so much have enjoyed. They could not even set up a little home of their own. "We are not keeping house," he wrote to a friend, "but boarding at the Globe Tavern. Our room and board only cost us four dollars a week." His "National Debt" of the old New Salem days was not yet all paid off, and patiently and resolutely he went on practising the economy he had had to learn in the hard school of experience.

Lincoln's law partnership with John T. Stuart had lasted four years. Then Stuart was elected

to Congress, and another one was formed with Judge Stephen T. Logan. It was a well-timed and important change. Stuart had always cared more for politics than for law. With Logan law was the main object, and under his guidance and encouragement Lincoln entered upon the study and practical work of his profession in a more serious spirit than ever before. His interest in politics continued, however, and in truth his practice at that time was so small as to leave ample time for both. Stuart had been twice elected to Congress, and very naturally Lincoln, who served his party quite as faithfully, and was fully as well known, hoped for a similar honor. He had profited greatly by the companionship and friendly rivalry of the talented young men of Springfield, but their talent made the prize he wished the harder to gain. Twice he was disappointed, the nomination going to other men; but in May, 1846, he was nominated, and in August of the same year elected, to the Thirtieth Congress. He had the distinction of being the only Whig member from his State, the other Illinois congressmen at that time all being Democrats; but he proved no exception to the general rule that a man rarely comes into notice during his first term in the National House of Representatives. A new member has much to learn, even when, like Lincoln, long service in a State legislature has taught him how the business of making laws is carried on. He must find out what has been done and is likely to be done on a multitude of subjects new to him, must make the acquaintance of his fellow-members, must visit the departments of government almost daily to look after the interests of people from his State and congressional district. Legally he is elected for a term of two years. Practically a session of five or six months during the first year, and of three months during the second, further reduce his opportunities more than one half.

Lincoln did not attempt to shine forth in debate, either by a stinging retort, or burst of inspired eloquence. He went about his task quietly and earnestly, performing his share of duty with industry and a hearty admiration for the ability of better-known members. "I just take up my pen," he wrote enthusiastically to a friend after listening to a speech which pleased

him much, "to say that Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, a little slim, pale-faced consumptive man, with a voice like Logan's, has just concluded the very best speech of an hour's length I ever heard. My old withered, dry eyes are full of tears yet."

During the first session of his term Lincoln made three long speeches, carefully prepared and written out beforehand. He was neither elated nor dismayed at the result. "As to speech-making," he wrote William H. Herndon, who had now become his law partner, "I find speaking here and elsewhere about the same thing. I am as badly scared, and no worse, than when I speak in court."

The next year he made no set speeches, but in addition to the usual work of a congressman occupied himself with a bill that had for its object the purchase and freeing of all slaves in the District of Columbia. Slavery was not only lawful at the national capital at that time: there was, to quote Mr. Lincoln's own graphic words, "in view from the windows of the Capitol a sort of livery-stable, where droves of negroes were collected, temporarily kept, and finally taken to Southern markets, precisely like droves of horses."

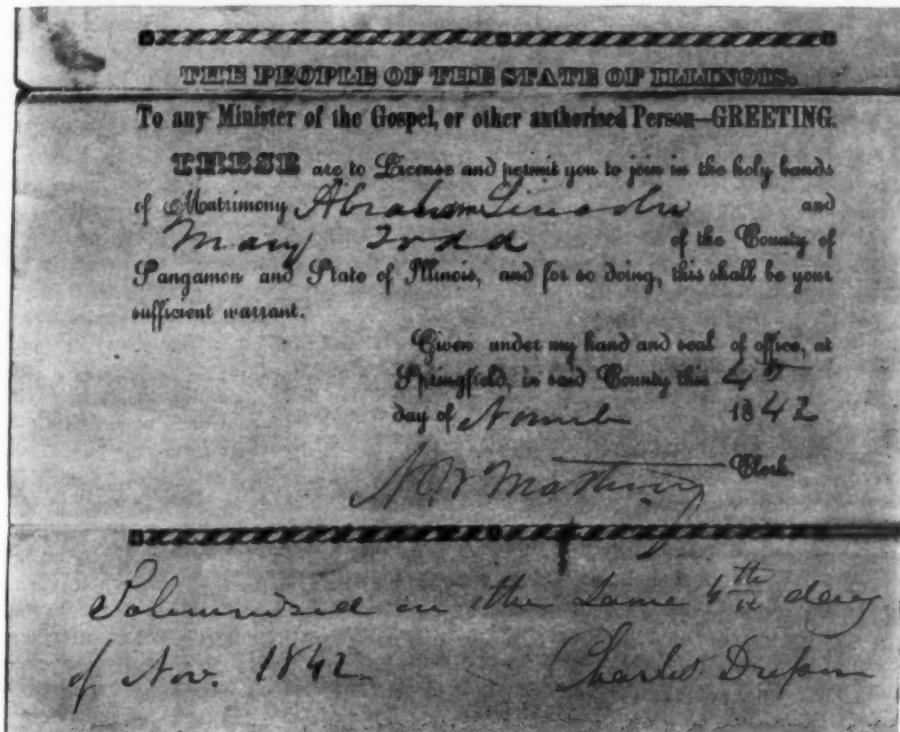
To Lincoln and to other people who disapproved of slavery, the idea of human beings held in bondage under the very shadow of the dome of the Capitol seemed a very bitter mockery. As has already been stated, he did not then believe Congress had the right to interfere with slavery in States that chose to have it; but in the District of Columbia the power of Congress was supreme, and the matter was entirely different. His bill provided that the Federal Government should pay full value to the slave-holders of the District for all slaves in their possession, and should at once free the older ones. The younger ones were to be apprenticed for a term of years, in order to make them self-supporting, after which they also were to receive their freedom. The bill was very carefully thought out, and had the approval of residents of the District who held the most varied views upon slavery; but good as it was, the measure was never allowed to come to a vote, and Lincoln went back to Springfield, at the end of his term, feeling doubtless that his

efforts in behalf of the slaves had been all in vain.

While in Washington he lived very simply and quietly, taking little part in the social life of the city, though cordially liked by all who made his acquaintance. An inmate of the modest

circle would be gathered around him, enjoying his enjoyment, and laughing at his quaint expressions and sallies of wit.

His gift for jest and story-telling has become traditional. Indeed, almost every good story that has been invented within a hundred years



FACSIMILE OF THE MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

boarding-house where he had rooms has told of the cheery atmosphere he seemed to bring with him into the common dining-room, where political arguments were apt to run high. He never appeared anxious to insist upon his own views; and when others, less considerate, forced matters until the talk threatened to become too furious, he would interrupt with an anecdote or a story that cleared the air and ended the discussion in a general laugh. Sometimes for exercise he would go into a bowling-alley close by, entering into the game with great zest, and accepting defeat and victory with equal good-nature. By the time he had finished a little

has been laid at his door. As a matter of fact, though he was fond of telling them, and told them well, he told comparatively few of the number that have been credited to him. He had a wonderful memory, and a fine power of making his hearers see the scene he wished to depict; but the final charm of his stories lay in their aptness, and in the kindly humor that left no sting behind it.

During his term in Congress the Presidential campaign of 1848 came on. Lincoln took an active part in the nomination and election of General Zachary Taylor,—“Old Rough and Ready,” as he was called,—making speeches in

Maryland and Massachusetts, as well as in his own home district of Illinois. Two letters that he wrote during this campaign have special interest for young readers, for they show the sympathetic encouragement he gave to young men anxious to make a place and a name for themselves in American politics.

"Now as to the young men," he wrote. "You must not wait to be brought forward by the older men. For instance, do you suppose that I would ever have got into notice if I had waited to be hunted up and pushed forward by the older men? You young men get together and form a 'Rough and Ready' club, and have regular meetings and speeches. Let every one play the part he can play best—some speak, some sing, and all 'holler.' Your meetings will be of evenings; the older men, and the women, will go to hear you; so that it will not only contribute to the election of 'Old Zach,' but will be an interesting pastime, and improving to the intellectual faculties of all engaged."

In another letter, answering a young friend who complained of being neglected, he said:

"Nothing could afford me more satisfaction than to learn that you and others of my young friends at home are doing battle in the contest * * * and taking a stand far above any I have been able to reach. * * * I cannot conceive that other old men feel differently. Of course I cannot demonstrate what I say; but I was young once, and I am sure I was never ungenerously thrust back. I hardly know what to say. The way for a young man to rise is to improve himself every way he can, never suspecting that anybody wishes to hinder him. Allow me to assure you that suspicion and jealousy never did help any man in any situation. There may sometimes be ungenerous attempts to keep a young man down; and they will succeed, too, if he allows his mind to be diverted from its true channel to brood over the attempted injury. Cast about and see if this feeling has not injured every person you have known to fall into it."

He was about forty years old when he wrote this letter. By some people that is not considered a very great age; but he doubtless felt

himself immensely older, as he was infinitely wiser, than his petulant young correspondent.

General Taylor was triumphantly elected, and it then became Lincoln's duty, as Whig member of Congress from Illinois, to recommend certain persons to fill government offices in that State. He did this after he returned to Springfield, for his term in Congress ended on March 4, 1849, the day that General Taylor became President. The letters that he sent to Washington when forwarding the papers and applications of people who wished appointment were both characteristic and amusing; for in his desire not to mislead or to do injustice to any man, they were very apt to say more in favor of the men he did not wish to see appointed than in recommendation of his own particular candidates.

This absolute and impartial fairness to friend and foe alike was one of his strongest traits, governing every action of his life. If it had not been for this, he might possibly have enjoyed another term in Congress, for there had been talk of reelecting him. In spite of his confession to Speed that "being elected to Congress, though I am very grateful to our friends for having done it, has not pleased me as much as I expected," this must have been flattering. But there were many able young men in Springfield who coveted the honor, and they had entered into an agreement among themselves that each would be content with a single term. Lincoln of course remained faithful to this promise. His strict keeping of promises caused him also to lose an appointment from President Taylor as Commissioner of the General Land Office, which might easily have been his, but for which he had agreed to recommend some other Illinois man. A few weeks later the President offered to make him governor of the new Territory of Oregon. This attracted him much more than the other office had done, but he declined because his wife was unwilling to live in a place so far away.

His career in Congress proved of great advantage to him in after life, having given him a close knowledge of the workings of the Federal Government, and brought him into contact with political leaders from all parts of the Union.

(To be continued.)

THE GOOSE THAT GREW BIG.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.



POLLY POPPETT went a-walking
On a summer's day ;
Close upon her little heels
Came her little goose on wheels
All the way.
Two more goosies came a-running
After Polly's goose so cunning :
Thought they saw a friend, you know :—
Goosies will be cheated so !

Polly Poppett out a-walking,
Peaceful as could be,
Heard a funny squawking sound,
Turned her little head around —
Mercy me !
Who 'd suppose that 'normous thing
From a tiny toy could spring !
Thought it was her goose, you know, —
Goosies will be cheated so !



THE SHEPHERD-BOY AND THE RAM.

By O. C. VICO.

IN mountainous districts of Norway the farmers usually in the spring send their dairy-maids, hired men, and shepherd-boys with their cattle—cows, oxen, horses, pigs, sheep, and goats—up on the mountains to the *saeters*, where they keep them in pasture during the summer. A saeter is a collection of houses, surrounded by green fields inclosed with a fence, and outside of this are stretched the great grazing-grounds, over mountains and valleys, through woods, along rivers, brooks, and lakes. When everything has been put in readiness and the weather has become more like summer, the housewives come and take the places of the dairy-maids, and these and the hired men are sent home.

I will not describe to you the many dangers to which herd- and shepherd-boys were formerly exposed, when wolves and bears were hunting around for lambs, sheep, calves, and other animals for their breakfast or dinner; but I will tell you about the bright side of these boys' life, to show that they can also play their little tricks and manage to get a good deal of fun out of their daily work, lonesome though they are in those lofty regions.

Nature has blessed them with a wonderfully clear and healthful air, with plenty of sunshine and outdoor life. Though they often are drenched in rain to the skin and have to wade in water all the day long, often for many days at a time, rheumatism, nervousness, dyspepsia, and toothache are unknown in their experience. Theirs is a life in clear, healthful, and invigorating mountain air, hundreds, often thousands, of feet above sea-level. They are very generally healthy, sound in mind and body, playful, and full of good humor. Their ringing laughter, a good sign of a sound constitution, reechoed from mountain-side to mountain-side, is like the sound of pleasant music.

One summer my father and mother—living in Gol, Hallingdal, a mountainous district in

the southern part of the country—had in their herd a big ram with large horns bent backward into spirals. For some reason or other, this ram could not stand to see the shepherd-boy having on his rain-shawl—a large shawl that the boys put on to cover the head and shoulders on rainy days. As soon as he caught sight of the shepherd-boy with the shawl on, he would look at him a moment, his eyes would suddenly flash fire, he would display anger in his face, he would back up a few feet, and then with all his strength he would leap forward and butt the boy, so that he would tumble heels over head along the ground. This was quite dangerous, as the ram had great bodily strength, so the boy had to look out for him every time he wore his shawl.

One day the boy made up his mind he would play a trick on the ram.

The herd was grazing through the woods, at the foot of a high mountain, toward the shore of Tisleia Fjord. At this point the bank of the lake is very high, and it runs up nearly perpendicularly from the water. A few feet from the edge of the bank the boy found a stub of a tree. The stub was just of the same size as the boy, and it was so decayed that only a small kick would send it crumbling over the ground. Over this stub the boy hung his shawl, on its top he placed his cap, and in other ways made it look like himself. Then he hid himself behind some trees, watching the herd, that now was coming grazing toward the bank.

All of a sudden the ram caught sight of the stub-boy and the shawl! He threw up his head, looked at the figure a moment, the old fire came into his eyes again, he backed up a few feet, put his neck into a stiff curve, and laid his ears flat back on his woolly neck. You could read anger all over his face. Calculating only the distance to the stub-boy, he uttered a harsh *baa*, and then suddenly, with all his strength, threw himself forward into a run and rushed

toward what he supposed was the boy. The stub with a loud crack flew into a thousand rotten pieces that, together with a cloud of dust from decayed wood, completely covered the ram's face and the front of his body, the shawl covering his head blinding him,—and bump! with tremendous force out over the bank flew the ram, still covered with the shawl,—and with a great splash fell into the lake!

In a moment he came to the surface again,

But you should have seen the boy when the big ram started on that expedition of his through air and water!

As soon as the ram butted the stub, with that great "crack," and plunged out into the water, he jumped out from behind the trees, doubled up with side-splitting laughter.

And when the poor ram crawled up on the bank, drenched to the very skin and looking very "sheepish," the boy ran over to him



"AND BUMP! WITH TREMENDOUS FORCE OUT OVER THE BANK FLEW THE RAM, STILL COVERED WITH THE SHAWL."

managed to get the shawl from his head, and swam to the shore. With drooping ears and water streaming down from all over his body, he crawled out and up the bank, every now and then shaking himself violently to get rid of the water. Having reached the top of the bank, he slowly rejoined the grazing herd.

and greeted him with peals of laughter again and again.

"Oh, Billy," he said derisively; "where have you been, Billy? How did you like it, Billy? Was it good—will you try it once more, Billy?"

But Billy never again tried to butt the boy.

FROM SIOUX TO SUSAN.

BY AGNES McCLELLAND DAULTON.

CHAPTER VII.

VIRGINIA.

As Virginia seated herself in the wicker phaëton, preening herself like a bird, and shaking out the dainty frills of her pale-green dimity, Mrs. Marshall, from the veranda, thought she had never seen her niece look so pretty. The dusky little face, under the big green hat with its wreath of hops, was all aglow with happiness. The dark eyes had for once lost their sadness, the soft red lips curled up instead of down, as lonely Virginia's lips were apt to do, and she was really lovely in her youth and joy.

"If you could only look like that all the time, sweetheart," called Aunt Sibyl from the steps, "I would n't need any other sunshine."

"Very well, aunty. I'll be all shine, now I have found Sue," Virginia laughed back, taking out her whip, which, with its scarlet bow, was used only for its touch of color that matched the pony's topknot, since Toddlekins had never felt the touch of its lash. "Just wait until you see Sue, Aunt Sibyl, and you will love her as much as I do, she is such a dear girl."

"Give Miss Susan Pepperpot my compliments," chuckled Thad, looking up from his book as he lay in the hammock. "Say, Virginia, bring her back to dinner. She is a hundred times more fun than that Cutting girl. Phew, did n't Sue sputter that day!"

"Sue does n't like boys," remarked Virginia, demurely, gathering up the lines. "At least not the boys with frills and quirks," she added, as she drove briskly down the road.

"Now, what did she mean by that, Aunt Sibyl?" grumbled Thad, as Mrs. Marshall waved Virginia a last farewell and turned a smiling face toward the tall, pale boy who lounged in the hammock. "Did she mean Miss Pepperpot didn't like me, or that I had frills and quirks? What are they, anyway? Somehow, I don't like the sound of them. Now, was n't it just

like Nixie to give me that parting shot, and then drive off where I can't get at her!"

"Well, Thad, my dear," laughed Mrs. Marshall, laying a gentle hand on the boy's head, "I've seen you when you had more frills and quirks — for I think I know what Sue means — than I like to see. That day with Miss Cutting, for instance."

"Oh, I just did that to tease Nixie, Aunt Sibyl. I saw she could n't endure the girl, she was so stiffly sweet to her. Girls are always like that; the less they like you, the more polite they grow. Nixie acted as if she had stepped out of a book on etiquette and frozen stiff; and as she had had one of her tantrums that morning and sailed out of the room with her head in the air because she thought I was rude to her, I took it out on her."

"I am afraid you take a good many things out on Virginia," sighed Mrs. Marshall.

"I'm a beast!" muttered Thad, shielding his eyes with his hand. "She's the best sister a fellow ever had, but she is so awfully meek under discipline it tempts one. If she would just sail in and give me a round or two, instead of walking off as if she were on stilts, we'd get on better. Sort of clear the atmosphere, you see. She has stood by me like a brick through this row, though. Don't know how I'd have weathered it without her."

"Have you told her so?" inquired his aunt, drawing her work-basket toward her.

"Well, no; not in so many words. You see, aunty, Nixie is n't like you. Now, I could go to you any time and say, 'Aunt Sibyl, I've behaved like a cad instead of the gentleman you have a right to expect me to be. Please shake and let's forgive and forget'; and you would say, 'It's all forgotten,' cried the boy, and gave his hand with honest joy, and that would be the end of it. Nixie is the dearest girl in the world, but she has n't the slightest tact in managing a man."

"A boy, you mean, Thad; a man would n't care for a thing like that. He would think, 'I owed my sister an apology, and if she is unfortunate in her way of taking it, that has nothing to do with my duty.' See, Thaddeus, my son."

"I guess you are right," laughed Thad, reaching out to give Mrs. Marshall's hand a loving pat. "Anyway, you are a mighty nice aunty, and never ruffle feathers. Yes, I know what you want me to say, by that queer little wise smile. I 'll try," and Thad turned again to his reading.

To Virginia, as she rolled down the long, shady road, it seemed that the world had never been more beautiful.

Over to the right, the Tuscarawas River, all glimmer and shine, was wandering in and out among the meadows; and beside it, following every curve and bend, lay the canal, with only the grassy tow-path between. The willows growing on the river's edge leaned far out and gazed, like Narcissus, at their beauty in the gleaming water, and upon the surface of the canal the water-lilies nestled among broad leaves. Goshen Hill lifted itself straight and precipitous, wrapped about with blackberry bushes and hazel brush, while at its feet the wild roses hurried away around the bend in a sweep of bloom that turned the wayside pink and filled the world with fragrance.

Virginia Clayton had never found it very easy to form friendships. "Little Miss Disdain" one of her schoolmates had dubbed her, and the name had clung in spite of its unfitness, for Virginia was really never disdainful; she was longing for companionship, but her natural diffidence made it hard for her to go half-way, and the difficulty she had to forgive and forget caused her to cover her hurts with that which she intended for dignity, but what those about her were apt to consider scorn.

Virginia's mother had been her closest friend, and the relation between them had been so loving and sweet that the child's heart was almost broken when, two years before, she had lost her. Dr. Clayton was a dreamy, scholarly man, whose mind was absorbed by his work and research; and when Thad, impulsive, teasing Thad, had suddenly proved himself in the academy

contest to be a scientist of no mean parts, his delight had been so great that his heart had been since set upon his promising boy, and Virginia, his quiet little daughter, seemed almost forgotten in the lonely old house.

Virginia had the greatest admiration for her brother, and half her heartache came from the feeling that he misunderstood her. She longed to tell him of her pride in him, of her belief in what he would do and be; but no matter how carefully she had prepared her little set speech, her tongue always failed her at the auspicious moment,—which perhaps was as well, for Master Thad was getting quite as much praise as was good for him. It had piqued him more than he would have confessed that, no difference what prize he brought home, Virginia had never said more than the merest "I 'm glad, Thad." How should he know that she flew up to her room to cry for joy, and that she saved every program, every printed word about him,—yes, and treasured the prize long after he had forgotten its existence? For Thad, being his father's son, had no time for more than capture—he was too intent upon the chase.

When Thad Clayton had suddenly broken down from overstudy, it had been a heavy blow to all of them.

It was Virginia who had stepped into the breach and taken upon herself all she could of her father's sorrow and her brother's ill-temper. When the doctor told them that Thad must be gotten at once away from the water, it was Virginia who decided they would better spend the whole summer at Kinikinnick, instead of the month or two as was usual, though the summer by the sea was her delight. It was she who had comforted her father and sent him off East to his laboratory as soon as Thad was better, and it was she who had undertaken her brother's amusement during his convalescence; and if she was not at all times strong enough to keep from having tantrums, as Thad called her attacks of hurt dignity, she was at least trying with all her might to be "good," and her brother recognized the fact.

As Toddlekins trotted soberly up the lane to Cherryfair, there arose such shrieks of merry greeting that the little fellow stopped still in the middle of the road, shaking his berib-

boned head and pawing the ground with an impatient fore foot, refusing to move even at the cracking of the gay whip.

Davie and Ben sat astride the big balls of the gate-posts; Phil, silent but happy, was hidden safely among the leafy branches of his favorite tree; Peggy, stationed on the veranda, danced up and down, crying, "Here she comes, Sue; here she comes!" and only Betty, the proper, sat quiet and demure, swinging herself daintily in the hammock, her white skirts spread out, her flushed face bent over a book not a leaf of which had been turned in the last half-hour.

"Is Sue ready?" called Virginia, gaily. "If she is n't, here is a pony that would like to give two little boys a drive down the lane and back again."

Davie and Ben stayed not upon the order of their going, but went at once. Like small cyclones they "shinned" down the high-posts and flung themselves bodily upon Virginia and Toddlekins.

"Oh, you did n't really mean it!" gasped Davie, looking up into Virginia's face, his blue eyes fairly limpid with longing, the left one turned in a bit, giving a most bewitching twist to his glance that had served the rogue many a good turn. "Sue's ready. She has been ready since daylight, I guess. But we did n't none of us ever ride with a pony in our born days; an' Ben he's only a little chap, an' it would be awful nice for him, but I guess you better let me drive. I'm 'most eight."

Bennie, having already climbed in after hugging Toddlekins's shaggy head and kissing his velvety nose, had reached for the lines, and there was a quiver of his lower lip as Davie made his modest request.

"I'll tell you," laughed Virginia, giving Davie's ear a gentle little tweak. "You drive down the lane, and Bennie up, and Phil is to walk at Toddlekins's head to see that he behaves himself and turns all right, while I have a little chat with Betty and Peggy. Hurry up, please, for I must not keep Sue waiting."

Betty, beaming with pleasure, drew her stiff little skirts aside to make a place for Virginia. The child, happy in the glimpse of her sister's friend, a girl with a real pony-carriage and a diamond ring, had gotten herself up "regard-

less," as Sue said. The ruby ring blazed on a forefinger that was stuck out straight as if to emphasize any remark she might make; she had traded dish-washings with Peggy for the privilege of wearing the gold beads; a pair of old white boots, two sizes too small, cramped her feet; and her blonde hair, from being done up in rag knobs all night, fluffed out in the manner of the side-show Circassian lady.

"You'd hardly know it was Betty," complained Peggy, bitterly, to Sue when she caught her first glimpse of her twin: for Betty had locked herself up and accomplished her toilet alone. "I think you are lots prettier with your hair in braids and with shoes you can straighten your feet in, Betty. You walk just like a hen! Virginia will think you're a silly! Won't she, Sue?"

"No, she won't," replied Sue, confidently, as she combed her pompadour before the misty old looking-glass. "She was a little girl herself once, and knows just how it feels to want to look lovely and not know how. You have n't got there yet, Peggy; for you are two years behind Betty in feelings, if you are twins. I had an awful case of it myself a year or two ago. Betty looks like a guy; but never mind, she's happy. Oh, Peggy, do bring me the ink till I black the white thread I mended my glove with; the stitches gape till they look like teeth grinning at you!"

As Sue, followed by Peggy, came down the steps toward the big maples where Virginia and Betty swung in the shade, Virginia thought she had never seen a creature so vibrant with life, so joyous, so buoyant, as Sue.

"You look lovely sitting there among all those cool, green ruffles and that big, green hat!" Sue exclaimed; "like a dear bud that is going to burst into a flower right away. Oh, I am so happy we are going! I never rode in a pony-carriage before. This is Peggy, my other little sister: I see you know Betty and the boys. It was just lovely of you to let them take the pony; they'll never forget it. Someway, we are always having the most beautiful things happen to us! Now, here are Cherryfair, and the flock, and Mandy, and, best of all, you."

Virginia felt that in some sweet way she belonged to every one of them: to the three happy, shouting boys who were now coming

scampering up the lane; to the twins—Betty with her absurd finery, but whose loving little hand was tucked into hers, and Peggy, whose round face was all aglow with admiration; and to Sue,—dear Sue,—who was offering her simple hospitality, her friendship, her family, her good

"And a share in the pig, too," whispered Bennie, who, afraid something might happen without his hearing, had torn himself away from Toddlekins and was now snuggling himself in between Virginia and Sue as they turned toward the house, the twins having gone for their little drive.



"BETTY, THE PROPER, SAT QUIET AND DEMURE, SWINGING HERSELF DAINTILY IN THE HAMMOCK."

cheer, with such a prodigal hand. Dear Sue, who was so pretty and fascinating in her simple white suit and her sailor hat!

"And now I want you to come in and meet Masie, please," went on Sue. "You will find her one of the dearest of mothers, and you shall have a share of her and of father, too."

"I never heard of such generosity," laughed Virginia, with a choke in her voice. "You don't know how happy it makes me. Do you really mean you won't mind sharing with me, and will let me belong and come inside your happiness?"

"Indeed, indeed, we'll love it," cried Sue,

giving Virginia an ecstatic little squeeze in which Bennie quite disappeared. "Masie, here is Virginia Clayton, my parsley-girl; and, please, I have promised her a share in you because—well, I'm sure every girl needs mothering."

Then Virginia felt herself taken into loving arms, and a sweet face, all motherliness, looked into hers, as a soft voice said, "My child, if mothering is what you need, you can't come too often nor stay too long. Indeed, you shall have your place in my little flock."

"I don't believe there ever was such a family before," whispered Virginia, clinging close. "You are all so good and kind."

"Who began it?" asked Mrs. Roberts, softly kissing the little brown face. "Who set sweet messages all about the house, and thought of the comfort and pleasure of the stranger within her gates? Just tell me that, please; and always be sure, dear, that we need you quite as much as you need us; and if I can give you any comfort for the loss of your dear mother, I shall be so glad and happy; so come often, Virginia."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DRIVE.

"GOOD-BY! good-by!" called the children, swarming in the old gateway.

"Good-by! good-by!" cried Sue and Virginia, and away scampered Toddlekins down the lane.

"That," laughed Sue, poking with the tip of her parasol a fat little package that Mandy had run out to tuck in the phaeton at the last moment, "is 'sandwidges,' as Mandy calls them. She whispered to me she just knew we'd get 'faint for a bite.' So, now that there is no danger of our dying of hunger on this trip, let's have the time of our lives."

Down through the valley, up over the hills, through woodland roads, across bridges, by country lanes and shady dells, they jogged,—over them the blue sky, about them the summer greenery, and in their hearts the joys of girlhood.

It was delightful to hear of so many joyful happenings as Sue had to tell about. It seemed, to listen to her, that the Robertses had been the most favored of mortals; and yet when you had

unwrapped Sue's enthusiasm from each especial dispensation, it was apt to prove a very common, every-day little providence. But Sue knew how to get to the very core of joy, and so she chatted away, never knowing—nor would she have cared if she had known—that she was disclosing to a rich girl that she knew absolutely nothing of the ease, the luxury, the beauty, with which Virginia had been surrounded all her life.

"Sue Roberts," asked Virginia at last, when they were breathless with laughter over some absurd prank of Davie's, "did you ever have a sad hour? I never dreamed a person could be so happy. Don't you ever get blue and hate yourself? But, then, I suppose there is such a lot of you, and you all love each other so, you have no chance to grow gloomy."

"Do I get blue? Why, bless you, yes! I get so blue sometimes I could almost sell myself for indigo. Masie says a nature like mine, with such an up-side, would have to have a down-side too. I'm just like a teeter-board. I go up, up, up, till I almost touch the stars; then I go down, down, down, till they have to dig me out of the cellar. I am mostly up now, but it took a long time for Masie to get me to a little more of a level, and sometimes I come down now with an awful thump. But, you see, God has been so good to us that I would be a most ungrateful wretch to be blue often."

Virginia flicked a fly from Toddlekins's neck. It was so hard for her to talk out of her heart, and yet she longed for Sue to know and understand.

"Sue," she began again, "I mean, do you ever feel as if—as if there did not a soul in the world appreciate you—as if you would like to creep away and never try any longer—and—as if your heart was an old, cold stone and did n't love anybody or want to be loved?"

"Of course, honey, lots of times. That's what Masie calls 'girlism.' She says every girl she ever knew had touches of it, and it does n't mean a thing but that you are pretty sentimental and maybe your stomach is out of order. Masie says there is only one sure cure for it, and that's to go and do something kind for somebody else, quick. But sometimes I forget about the cure and am dreadful. Gracious! Virginia, I've gone and shut myself up in a

closet, and cried my eyes 'most out over not one blessed thing, when I had really threshed it all out. At the time it looked as big as Goshen Hill. Betty has severe attacks, but so far Peggy don't know she's got a heart to ache; but she will. Goodness! yes; that's part of the joy of being a girl, for, 'fess up, Virginia, one does get a sort of satisfaction out of it. It feels so painfully nice to think you are the only one in the world that is so abused or has n't a single friend, when all the time you know deep down in yourself there are lots that just dote on you. Don't ask me to explain; it's just girl, and you have got to let it go at that."

"Oh, Sue!" and Virginia laughed ruefully in spite of herself. "I think you are the dearest girl that ever lived. I never dared ask any one before. I suppose if I had mama, she would have explained, just like your Masie, and have made it funny to me. But I did n't suppose other girls knew about it—not happy girls, with mothers."

Sue's arm stole around Virginia, and the laughing face changed in an instant.

"That's different—the mother-sickness. I know that must be so hard, the greatest of all sorrows; but I meant the not being appreciated and the hating one's self. When I'm clothed and in my right mind I know I am appreciated far more than I deserve. I'm just a slam-bang girl, that troubles father so, and I won't mend skirt-bindings nor keep my temper. Oh, I've got lots of reasons to hate myself; but, after all, what's the use? Father always says the best way is to get up and go on doing better, and not to sit down and cry by the wayside, for you would never get anywhere that way. I can tell you, Virginia, it takes lots of managing to make six kids grow up into sheep instead of goats, though you might n't think so. I wonder sometimes that father and Masie don't throw up the sponge."

"Sponge?" inquired Virginia, wrinkling her brow in an effort to understand. "What good would that do?"

"There!" laughed Sue, half ashamed. "That is my pet sin—my slang. I mean I wonder they don't give up trying. But, Virginia, here I have been talking all this time about myself; I thought you were going to tell me how you came to be my parsley-girl. I'm just dying to

hear. Let's eat the 'sandwidges' while you tell about it."

When they were settled with a napkin and sandwich, and Toddlekins was brought to a walk, Virginia began:

"I suppose I ought to say 'once upon a time' to make it sound like a story," she laughed; "but it really did begin with my being blue and all that—that is the reason I asked you about it. When Thad was taken sick in the early spring, I was at Miss Davis's school for girls in New York, and we came right out here. I had liked the girls at Miss Davis's so much, and was very lonely; and Thad—well, I don't know what I should have done if I had n't found the dearest baby! She belongs to Mrs. Dixon, whose husband takes care of Kinikinnick Farm. Mrs. Dixon is such a dear, kind woman, and she let me take baby every morning for a canter down the drive on Toddlekins. Baby is just two years old and the cunningest thing. Well, I think Mrs. Dixon saw I was lonely and blue, and she used to tell me all the gay things she could think of. She belongs to your father's church, and her sister is maid at Mr. Reed's, where your father was staying when he came to supply the pulpit in the early spring. Now, can't you see how I heard about Sue, and the twins, and all the rest of you happy folks? We talked so much about you that I loved you more and more, and so did Mrs. Dixon. The day the congregation worked at the house, Mrs. Dixon was too busy to go; but she said if I would come after tea, we would walk over to Cherryfair and she would take the lilies-of-the-valley and some jelly. I don't know what made me think of it, unless it was because you had grown so real and dear to me; but that day, when I ran down to the housekeeper's room for something, I saw two pots of parsley growing in the window, and so I begged one of Mrs. Knox,—she is always so good to me,—and a new tea-towel. Then I ran to my room and dashed off those crazy verses and flew over to Mrs. Dixon. We took baby on Toddlekins, and had such a pleasant time. We climbed into the kitchen window—Mrs. Dixon's sister had left it open for us; and that is all."

"But that is n't all," cried Sue, giving Virginia a rapturous hug; "it is only the beginning.

How about the lunch, and the pink sunbonnet, and my eyes, and the apron? It was like a miracle!"

"Why, it was just as simple, when you know about it," laughed Virginia. "You see, that morning, when I went over to take the baby for her ride, Mrs. Dixon told me you had come,

thing, and I guess she thought it would do me good, and so in half an hour I was started."

"You darling! How I wish I had been along!"

"Carrying your own lunch, you greedy thing? Well, I meant to set the hamper down and run away as fast as I could; but the first thing I found was the whole family out on the veranda.



SUE ENJOYS A DRIVE WITH HER "PARSLEY-GIRL."

and that she was longing to take you over a nice lunch, but that her husband could not spare a horse, and it was too far to walk. Then I asked her if I could n't take it in a hamper strapped on Toddlekins, going across the wood-lot, and then carry the hamper the rest of the way. She was afraid I could n't manage Toddlekins, and that the hamper would be too heavy; but I was just crazy to do some-

I was so near I could almost have touched you. I could just hear my heart beat as I hid down behind a lilac-bush; but pretty soon you went upstairs, and the plan rushed into my head, for I heard you telling your mother about putting the boards on the barrel, and it seemed so nice to be able to leave the lunch all laid for you."

"Oh, what fun!" laughed Sue; "and there

you were hidden away! What would you have done if we had spied you?"

"I never thought of that until afterward, it all happened so quickly; and everything seemed to help, for you all went to the front part of the house, and I got the luncheon ready in a trice. I had meant to leave some sort of a verse,—I'm always scribbling nonsense,—so had a card along; and the black eyes and scarlet apron I had seen from my hiding-place, so everything went lovely. You would never have gotten a glimpse of me, if I had not stopped to throw in some purslane to that funny little curly-tailed pig, who was squealing like mad. I thought it was no more than fair I should give him his luncheon, too; and when I turned around I saw you children all come tumbling out of the house! Then if I did n't scamper!—keeping close by the wall as long as I could. I lost my bonnet as I climbed over the stile, but I had n't time to get it, and flew on. Just as I came to the fence where Toddlekins was tied out of sight in the bushes, I looked back, and there was Peggy, waving the bonnet and calling something I could n't hear. She looked so pretty standing on the stile, I could n't help waving back to her, and then I climbed over the fence, and Toddlekins and I flew home. Mrs. Dixon scolded me next morning, and said she would have been broken-hearted if you had caught me hiding there and had said something sharp to me. But I told her she did not know the Robertses yet, if she thought that; for I knew I would have been welcomed with open arms."

"Indeed, indeed, you should have been. It is the most delightful thing I ever heard! Did n't Thad laugh when you told him?"

Virginia flushed.

"No, he did n't. I told him the day after, and he said he did n't think my father would approve of my flying about the country carrying 'cold provender.' I am awfully sensitive, and I guess that at last we quarreled—at least I did n't speak to him all the evening. But when Aunt Sibyl asked what was the matter, she said she did n't think father would have cared at all, and that she herself thought it great fun, and if I had told her she would have gone along."

"There, that settles it!" declared Sue, vehe-

mently. "Aunt Sibyl and I are friends, but between Thad and Susan Pepperpot there is war to the knife!"

"Nonsense! You will be the best of friends. He said I was to be sure to bring you home to dinner. I told him you did n't like boys with frills and quirks. You will find he has a good many, but he really is a dear boy, and we are very proud of him. I know he did act dreadfully that day you ran into us; but, you see, he had been as cross as could be all morning, for, poor boy, he was battling with his weakness and his disappointment. He had felt sure they would let him go to college this fall, as he thought he was so much better. I was afraid you would never want to see me again when he was so horrid to you, and—and—I was very lonely for a girl friend."

"Bless your heart! You have one now, and don't you forget it! I shall stick closer than a bur. Besides, it would take more than such a little tiff as that with your brother to frighten me. My, was n't he sarcastic! But I suppose I deserved it."

"No, you did n't," protested Virginia. "It was Thad's quick temper; but he is such a dear boy under it all."

"Did I tell you," said Sue, when Toddlekins was trotting up the lane toward Cherryfair, "that I am going to spell my name S-i-o-u-x, after this? Masie let me order some calling-cards from a little lame boy in Monroe. He writes them in a most beautiful, flourishy hand, and I never had any calling-cards before. I never told a word at home, for I want to surprise them—but I told Jimmie to put on 'Sioux Roberts.' It will be awfully striking. Don't you think so?"

"I don't believe I ever heard of such a thing before," faltered Virginia, looking very puzzled. "I did n't know one ever wanted calling-cards to look striking. You ought to be 'Miss Roberts, of Cherryfair,' ought you not?"

"Pooh! that might do for Betty," scoffed Sue, airily. "I like something individual and sort of stunning. My! I don't believe I shall ever get to be Miss Roberts. I'm sure I don't feel like it now."

(To be continued.)

THE LANGUAGE OF THE MAP.

By H. M. KINGERY.

Do girls and boys of to-day, on glancing over a map of the United States, wonder at the strange jumble of names from many sources? In no other country is this so noticeable. In England, for example, though the ancient islanders, the Romans, the Saxons, the Danish invaders, and the Normans all are represented in the geographical names, time and usage have modified and familiarized the words to such an extent that any sense of strangeness is lost. Chester, for example, impresses one as an especially English word, and yet it really is a modification of the Latin *castra* (camp), and dates from the first military occupation of the island by the Romans. It is the same, by the way, as the ending *chester* or *ester*, used in such words as Winchester, Worcester, and Gloucester.

Other old countries, such as Germany and France and Italy also have their lists of names from many times and many languages.

When the western hemisphere was discovered it was inhabited by scattered or wandering tribes. Of course these primitive peoples had names for their mountains, lakes, streams, and villages, many of which were adopted by the white men who took possession.

In the United States we find "Indian" names in profusion from ocean to ocean. All the great lakes except Superior, the largest rivers,—Mississippi, Missouri, Ohio, Arkansas,—and countless other natural features, such as rivers, lakes, mountains, and valleys, bear names of Indian origin. So do a majority of our forty-five States, to say nothing of counties and towns. Many are of striking beauty,—as, for instance, Tippecanoe, Minnehaha, Susquehanna, Alabama,—and while some are harsh, they seem somehow to "fit" remarkably well.

Immediately on the discovery of the new world explorers flocked to it, and colonies were soon founded. The territory now included in the United States was entered almost at the same time from several sides. The earliest

naturally were the *Spaniards*, who founded St. Augustine in Florida and Santa Fé in New Mexico in less than a century after Columbus's first voyage. Their settlements were confined to the warmer regions, and it is in Florida and the Southwest, together with the Pacific coast, that we find the Spanish names most thickly sprinkled. Of State names we have inherited from them California, Colorado, Florida, Nevada, and Arizona. They named for us also the Sierra Nevada ("Snowy Saw") mountains, Blanca Peak, the Llano Estacado, the Rio Grande, and the Colorado River. From them come all the "Sans" and "Santas," as San Francisco, San Antonio, San Joaquin, Santa Barbara; names that use the article *el*, *los*, or *las*, as El Paso, El Moro, Los Angeles, Las Animas; and such words as Sacramento, Trinidad, and Pueblo.

Early in the seventeenth century the *English* made settlements at various points on the Atlantic coast, notably in Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and in New England. Like immigrants of all ages, they sought to bring with them some reminder of the old home by bestowing familiar names on new places; hence the great number of "News"—New York, New London, New Hampshire, New Jersey; hence Plymouth, Worcester, Dover, etc. Honor was often shown to distinguished patrons by naming colonies or cities after them, as in Baltimore, Delaware, and Maryland. In some cases these were given their Latin forms by explorers of classical tastes, as Georgia, in honor of King George II; the Carolinas, in honor of Charles II; and Virginia, for Elizabeth, the virgin queen; and Nova Scotia, or New Scotland. In Pennsylvania we see the two ideas combined—Penn, the founder's name, with the Latin suffix *-sylvania* (woodland) to describe the nature of the country.

Meantime a third force had been at work. The valley of the St. Lawrence was visited early by

adventurers and missionaries from *France*, who combined the religious instruction of the natives with very extensive and romantic exploration. Up the St. Lawrence, over the great lakes, and through the dense forests they forced their way, discovering and traveling upon the Mississippi, the Missouri, and the Ohio, besides many smaller streams. Among the notable explorers of this great inland region were the Chevalier de la Salle, Joliet, and the priests known as Father Marquette and Father Hennepin. But these were only the pioneers, and were followed by a host of others who have left lasting reminders of their service in the names that dot the map so thickly in the Mississippi valley. Lower Canada still is French. In the upper lake region, such names as Sault Ste. Marie, Presque Isle, Grand Marais, and Point aux Pins are common. All down the 2500 miles of the Father of Waters we find French names, from St. Cloud and St. Croix in the north, to Chouteau and St. Louis midway, and Baton Rouge near the delta.

These were the three great powers who sought political and commercial control of the new world, and incidentally contributed the largest proportion of its geographical names. Feebler efforts, and smaller contributions were made by the Swedes and the Dutch; but except in the vicinity of New York—originally a Dutch city, and known as New Amsterdam—these were unimportant. The three fought long and bitterly for supremacy, but in the end it was the Saxon who prevailed. The two Latin powers were driven out, but the marks they had made on the map were permanent. As is natural, each left its deepest impress in the region where it had been supreme,—the Spaniard in the Southwest, the Frenchman in the Mississippi valley,—while over both swept the tide of Saxon speech as well as military and civil power.

As an illustration of our very mixed assortment of names, we may take a certain western railway system whose official title consists of the names of three cities, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé. Of these names the first is English, the second Indian, the third Spanish; and within a single State the main line passes through towns bearing such English names as Turner, Morris, Reading, and Newton; others with such Indian names as Tecumseh,

Topeka, Wakarusa, Osage, and Pawnee; French, as Choteau, Lecompton, and Offerle; Spanish, as De Soto and Cimarron; and Greek, as Eudora, Emporia, and Syracuse. A well-known eastern railroad, in its list of stations, mingles indiscriminately such classical names as Batavia, Macedon, Palmyra, Syracuse, Ithaca, Rome, Troy, and Ilion, with others taken from French, Dutch, and various other modern languages.

The more recent immigrants have added certain names, too. Several northwestern States have been settled largely by people from Norway and Sweden, who have established here many names of places known and loved in "the old country." Thus, to go no farther, we meet in the one State of Minnesota a vast number of Scandinavian names, such as Denmark, Erickson, Ibsen, Lindstrom, New Sweden, Norseland, Norway, Oleson, Syea, Trondjem. The capitals of both the home-lands have their namesakes there—Stockholm and Christiania (the latter, of course, a Latin word naturalized in Norway). German names also abound throughout the country, while here and there we meet a Dublin or a Limerick to remind us of the Emerald Isle.

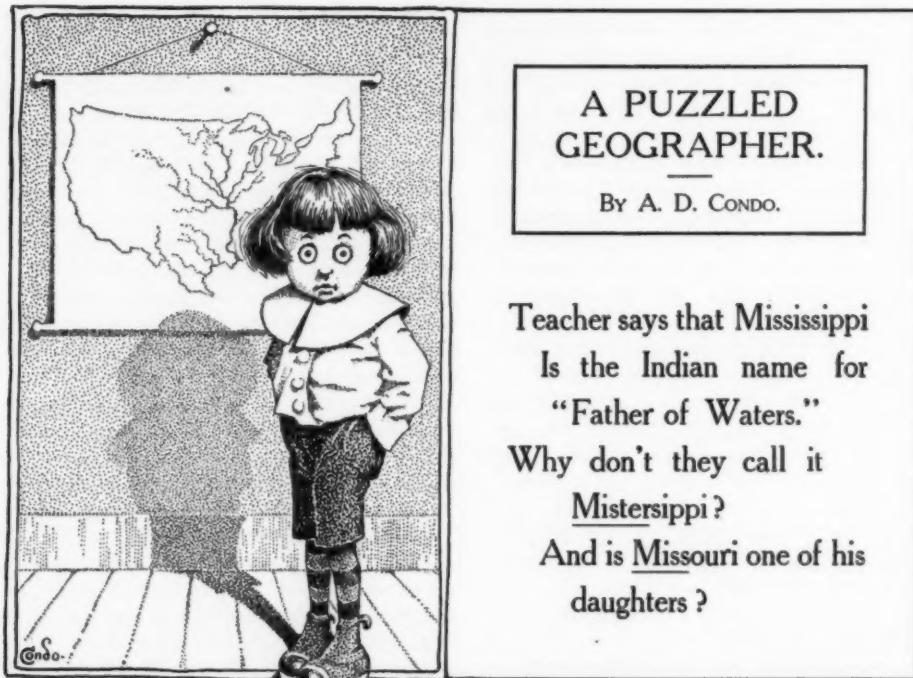
Hero-worship, too, has had a hand in the making of maps. We have post-offices bearing the names of every President down to and including Mr. Roosevelt. Only two of his predecessors are lacking in the list of counties. Naturally, the favorite in the naming of towns and counties is Washington, and he is the only President for whom a State has been named.

But others than Presidents enjoy these honors. Successful soldiers, sailors, statesmen, editors, authors, inventors, the heroes of ancient history and mythology, and even popular actors and athletes, share a like distinction. Our list of post-offices is a long one, and contains names from almost every language, living and dead, and chosen on almost every conceivable principle or impulse. Two counties in Kansas present a curious association of ideas: Greeley County has for its capital a town called Tribune, and Ulysses is the county-seat of Grant. New stations were to be named along a western railway some years ago, and they were named after the members of a professional base-ball team that happened just then to win the championship.

It has been observed that the language spoken in the United States is remarkably uniform. True, there are many dialects, but Great Britain, less in area than any one of half a dozen of our States, contains such very different languages as English, Welsh, and the Gaelic of the Scottish Highlands, to say nothing of the provincial dialects of Cornwall and Yorkshire, and the unique speech of the London cockney; while in this country, with its vast expanse of territory, its settlement by Spanish, French, Dutch, and Swedish colonists, and its millions of immigrants drawn from nearly every country, large and small, all over the world, there is far greater uniformity of speech than in any other land of equal area and population.

The causes can be readily seen. The public schools have made us a nation of readers, and

the press has supplied books and papers without limit. Press associations have done their part toward giving a uniform and fairly good tone to the newspaper language of the day. The telegraph, the telephone, and cheap postage have brought distant parts of the country into quick and easy communication, and so have aided in teaching a common language. The railroad has penetrated every corner of the land, and made us a nation of travelers. Countless human shuttles thus are thrown daily across the land in every direction, carrying with them the threads of thought and speech, and doing their part to make one pattern of the whole. No doubt, our maps, which still present so many different kinds of names, will in time lose the strangeness and the "foreign air" that are so noticeable now.



PINKEY PERKINS: JUST A BOY.

BY CAPTAIN HAROLD HAMMOND, U. S. A.

HOW "PINKEY" BECAME A PHILANTHROPIST.

"PINKEY" PERKINS had not allowed sudden good fortune to turn his head in the least. He went among his companions in exactly the same way he always had, and never mentioned having jumped into the icy water to the rescue of the little crippled boy, nor his fishing up the bag of gold when searching for the skate he had lost while in the water. To have one hundred dollars in the bank, and to know that he was receiving the princely sum of six dollars a year interest, was a state of prosperity which it took Pinkey some time to realize.

When Mr. Warren had told Pinkey that as a reward for finding the stolen gold he had started a bank account for him, and that it would draw interest at six per cent., Pinkey had not understood exactly what that expression meant; but on inquiry his father had informed him that it meant he would receive six dollars a year as long as he left the entire hundred dollars in the bank.

"Is it just the same as rent?" inquired Pinkey, trying to get the matter expressed in familiar terms.

"Yes," answered his father, "just the same as rent; only you don't have to make any repairs to keep your property in good condition. Your hundred dollars will be just as good after Mr. Warren pays you the rent on it as it is now."

This presentation of the matter made everything quite clear in Pinkey's mind, and he could now make his plans for the future with a full understanding of his financial status.

"What you goin' to do with all the money, Pinkey?" asked Bunny Morris one day when he and Pinkey were discussing the bank account.

"I'm not goin' to spend it right away, that's one thing certain. I may spend the interest, but I'm not goin' to break into the hundred dollars if I can help it."



"MR. EVANS OBLIGINGLY SHOWED THE BOYS HOW TO WORK IT."

One day, however, Pinkey's resolve to keep his bank account intact experienced a severe test. As he and Bunny were crossing the public square on their way to school, they were attracted by the sight of a brand-new foot-power scroll-saw displayed in the show-window of a hardware-store. Both boys stopped short, and by common consent stepped up into the doorway to get a better look at the machine.

"Gee! Pinkey, ain't she a dandy!" exclaimed Bunny. "Wonder what she 's worth?"

"Come on, Bunny; we 'll be tardy," replied Pinkey, evading the subject. He had been completely and instantly captivated by the scroll-saw, and as the thought swept over him that he could buy it, he felt that he wanted to get away before the temptation should overcome him. Pinkey was naturally quick to make up his mind, and though he often wished for things in a general way, he usually knew when his desires were temporary and when they were lasting. Just now he knew that the desire to own that scroll-saw had come to stay.

"Oh, let 's go in and price it," urged Bunny; "it ain't near time for the last bell yet," and Pinkey accompanied him into the store. Pinkey's reluctance was due entirely to the thought that now he knew he must break his bank account, and he hesitated at being in a hurry over it.

"You better ask how much it is," said Bunny, in an undertone; "there 's no use o' me askin'. I can't ever buy it."

Mr. Evans, the hardware-man, saw the two boys admiring the new machine and came up to the front part of the store.

"How much is the scroll-saw, Mr. Evans?" inquired Pinkey, going up to the window and starting the large driving-wheel going with his hand.

"What 's the matter, Pinkey? Have you got some more old wheels you want to trade for it?" asked Mr. Evans, dryly, with a wink at Bunny.

"No, sir," replied Pinkey, somewhat confused; "if it 's not too much, I may buy it and pay money for it."

"It 's worth five dollars altogether—saw, wrenches, oil-can, two dozen saw-blades, ten feet of white holly-wood, and a book of patterns."

Pinkey could feel his breath coming faster every moment, as Mr. Evans named over the different articles.

"Well, I don't want to buy it now, but we 'd like to see how it runs."

Mr. Evans obligingly took the saw from the window and showed the admiring boys how to work it; and when they saw it in operation they were thoroughly convinced that of all the

things they desired in this world, a scroll-saw stood first.

"Don't you sell it to anybody until I tell you whether I want it or not," said Pinkey, as he and Bunny went out the door, and Mr. Evans promised he would not.

Pinkey and Bunny talked nothing but scroll-saw all the way to school, and thought of nothing else all morning. Pinkey hated the idea of lessening his bank account by even five dollars, and had a long debate with himself on the subject. Finally he became convinced that if he bought the scroll-saw and the holly-wood, he could make enough wall-brackets, watch-holders, and photograph frames, such as he had seen in the pattern-book, to sell for more than the saw would cost him. This mental argument was convincing, and when he left the school-house at four o'clock his mind was made up.

Bunny was delighted when Pinkey told him, for he knew that he should have a good share of the use of the saw, as he did of all of Pinkey's possessions.

"Tell you what you do, Bunny," said Pinkey, as they parted at the court-house corner: "you go around the square and get a lot of cigar-boxes, take them apart, soak the paper off, and we 'll have some good wood to practise on and won't have to use the holly."

Bunny readily agreed to the proposition, for he was anxious to do something to make him feel entitled to use the saw.

That evening Pinkey told his father about the scroll-saw, and how much he wanted it. He reminded his father how he had wanted one for Christmas, and urged him to say he thought it would be a good investment.

"You think it over to-night, Pinkey," Mr. Perkins said finally; "and if you are still in the notion to-morrow morning, I won't object to your buying it."

Pinkey was more in the notion than ever next morning, his father's approval clearing away any shadows of doubt he might have had regarding the wisdom of his decision.

The bank was still closed when he went to school, but he took occasion to stop at the hardware-store and, with an air of importance, inform Mr. Evans that he would buy the saw and would bring him the money at noon.

He stood for a while and looked at the saw that was so soon to be his, and then started to school supremely content that he was to have something which he had long wanted — something none of the other boys had, and which would be a source of pleasure and profit.

As he reached the corner of the square and

the pump, and they seemed to be having a spirited argument about something. Pinkey and Bunny at once joined the crowd, to hear what might be the subject under discussion.

"Well, he just did," they heard Joe Cooper declare emphatically. "Tommy's mother told my mother, and my mother told me; so I guess I got it straight."

"But how could anybody carry measles in his whiskers, I'd like to know?" argued "Putty" Black. "He'd get 'em himself."

"All I know is that he did it. Doctors don't catch things, anyway. They put somethin' on 'em so they won't."

"If you have to carry measles from one place to another, how did the first person get 'em, I'd like to know? I tell you, measles and mumps and whoopin'-cough are just in the air, and maybe you catch 'em and maybe you don't."

"What's that?" inquired Pinkey, unable to understand what it was all about.

"Why, Tommy Todd's got the measles and is awful sick," explained Joe. "Old Dr. Rounds was there the other day, tryin' to collect two dollars Mrs. Todd owes him, just after he'd been to see somebody who had measles, and now Tommy's got 'em. Mrs. Todd saw in some paper that measles an' scarlet fever and all things that's catchin' can be carried around

in your clothes or your hair, and she says Dr. Rounds carried the measles to Tommy in his whiskers; and now he won't go see Tommy, 'cause she said that and 'cause she owes him two dollars."

Tommy was the little crippled boy to whose rescue Pinkey had jumped into the icy water some weeks previous, and Pinkey was much interested in what Joe had said. He liked the little fellow immensely, and it pained him to hear that he was ill and that the doctor had refused to visit him. Like the other boys in the crowd, Pinkey was not familiar with the fine points of the germ theory.



"PINKEY WALKED STRAIGHT UP TO THE DESK NEAR WHERE THE DOCTOR WAS STANDING." (SEE PAGE 337.)

started toward the school-house, he met Bunny, likewise schoolward bound.

"I've bought 'er, Bunny!" he shouted. "I'm goin' to write a check and get the money out o' the bank this noon and pay for 'er. Come down after school this afternoon, and bring your cigar-box boards, and we'll see how she goes. How many you got?"

"I got a dozen, all the tacks out and the paper off, all ready to saw."

"That will be enough to learn on, I guess. My! won't it be fun!"

As the pair reached the school-house yard, they noticed several boys congregated about

The ringing of the last bell put a stop to the discussion, and the crowd dispersed, with the question as to how Tommy had caught the measles still unsettled. To Pinkey the manner in which Tommy had contracted the disease did not amount to anything, but the fact that he had done so and had no doctor to attend to his case worried him.

All morning something kept reminding him of Tommy; and every time he began to feel jubilant over the thoughts of his new scroll-saw, a wave of depression would sweep over him and drown all his feelings of exultation. Pinkey's conscience was bothering him, and he spent a large part of the morning gazing vacantly at the open book before him, wondering if it would be just right for him to spend all that money for a scroll-saw when he might take it and employ a physician for Tommy, to whom, he felt, in a way belonged part of the credit for his having a bank account.

When Pinkey went home to dinner that day, it was plain from his manner that there was something bearing down heavily on his mind. He walked away slowly, preferring not to have even Bunny's company. His hands were shoved deep in his pockets, and as he walked he unconsciously lengthened and shortened his steps, so that the heel of his shoe would always strike one board of the sidewalk and his sole the one adjoining.

He avoided the hardware-store, lest what he should see there might influence him in deciding the matter which was so deeply engaging his thoughts. When he reached home his mind was made up, but he kept his plans to himself. He intended to act first and talk afterward.

"Father," said he, after dinner, producing his check-book, "will you show me how to make out the check for five dollars?" That seemed an enormous amount when he actually came to consider parting from it.

"Yes," said his father, "if you are really certain that you wish to draw that much money out of the bank."

Pinkey wrote the check as his father indicated, and together they went down town. Mr. Warren was in the bank, and smiled as Pinkey marched proudly up to the little window and laid his check on the counter.

"Going to see how it feels to draw out a little, is he?" said the banker to Mr. Perkins, at the same time setting before Pinkey five bright new silver dollars.

"Yes," answered Mr. Perkins; "a scroll-saw got the better of him, and I guess he'd have to have it if it took it all."

Pinkey said nothing in response to these pleasantries; he just pocketed his money, thanked Mr. Warren, and walked out of the door with his father.

Mr. Perkins stopped at the hardware-store with Pinkey, as he wished to make a closer inspection of the scroll-saw before it was paid for than could be had through the window. Mr. Evans came forward as he saw Pinkey and his father enter the door, and went at once to the window where the scroll-saw was on exhibition. As he started to lift the saw from the window, he was stopped by Pinkey, whose breath came hard, but he spoke decidedly.

"Never mind, Mr. Evans," said he; "I guess I won't buy that scroll-saw, after all. I just came in to tell you not to save it for me any longer. Tommy Todd's sick with the measles, and I'm going to hire a doctor for him with the money. I can get along without a scroll-saw, but Tommy can't get along without a doctor, and his mother has n't the money to get one for him."

Do not think it was easy for Pinkey thus to give up the pleasure he had anticipated, for it was not. But after devoting much serious thought to the matter, he had come to this decision and he was ready to stand by it. He could not think of buying the saw and employing a physician for Tommy too, for that would make too big an impression on his bank account. Besides, he did not know how long it would take for Tommy to get well, and he intended to see him through.

"Why, Pinkey," said Mr. Perkins, "do you mean to say that you are willing to give up the scroll-saw after wanting it so badly?" Both he and Mr. Evans were much surprised at what they had heard.

"Yes, sir," replied Pinkey, resolutely; "I do. I want it just as bad as I ever did, but I can wait. Tommy needs a doctor worse than I do a scroll-saw, and he's goin' to have one. If it

had n't been for Tommy I 'd ha' never had this money, anyway."

Mr. Perkins saw that Pinkey's mind was fully made up, and although he did not say so, it pleased him greatly to see the generous side of his son's nature come to the front against such strong temptation from the scroll-saw.

the steps leading to the office of his own family physician. The slate which hung beside the door indicated that the doctor was in, and in response to Pinkey's knock a voice inside bade him "come in." As he entered the office, a kindly face greeted him from behind a cabinet filled with bottles of all sizes and colors.

"What is it, Pinkey?" inquired the doctor, surprised at receiving a visit from such a healthy specimen of humanity.

Pinkey walked straight up to the desk near where the doctor was standing, and, one after the other, laid down his five silver dollars side by side. Then he turned around and said:

"Dr. Young, I want to get you to go and see Tommy Todd. He 's got the measles and is awful sick. When you 've gone to see him five dollars' worth, let me know and I 'll give you five dollars more. I don't want you to stop until he gets well."

After a few questions, Dr. Young learned the story Pinkey had heard at school, and the reasons for his wishing to employ a physician for Tommy. Pinkey admitted it was his own money he was using, but said nothing

about having given up the scroll-saw, for he did not wish the doctor to think he was hinting for him to give his services on credit.

"All right, Pinkey," said Dr. Young, picking up the five dollars; "I 'll go down there right away, and we 'll try and bring the little fellow



"WELL, PINKEY," SAID HIS FATHER AT LAST, "DOES IT SUIT YOU?" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"All right, then," said Mr. Perkins; "go ahead and do as you feel you should. I want to stay here and talk to Mr. Evans a minute"; and with that Pinkey left the store, without so much as a glance at the saw.

A few minutes later Pinkey ran hurriedly up

around before long"; and in his own mind he resolved then and there that Tommy Todd should have the biggest five dollars' worth of medical attendance any one had ever received from him. Only the fact that he believed in encouraging unselfishness in children prevented him from returning the money to Pinkey.

Pinkey went to school that afternoon with his heart lighter than if he had bought a dozen scroll-saws. As he neared the school-house, Bunny came running toward him, evidently bubbling over with glee.

"I got a lot more cigar-boxes at home soakin'," he cried, "and I got the others all ready to bring down after school."

When Pinkey told him what he had done, and that he had given up having a scroll-saw, Bunny was very much disappointed. He felt that he had suffered a personal loss, as indeed he had, but he could not criticize Pinkey's admirable self-sacrifice.

"I guess you did what was right, Pinkey," said he, then added hopefully, "But maybe we'll have a scroll-saw sometime, so I'll keep my cigar-boxes, anyway."

When school was out that afternoon, Pinkey was kept in for some infraction of the rules, and it was an hour later when Red Feather, his teacher, liberated him from bondage. As he took his hat from its hook in the hall and went gloomily outdoors, he was surprised to see Bunny waiting for him at the bottom of the steps. Under his arm he carried a bundle of small boards, pieces of dismantled cigar-boxes.

"She's down at your house, Pinkey!" he shouted; "hurry up!"

"Who's down at my house?" demanded Pinkey, his mind too full of his recent troubles to grasp the meaning of Bunny's remark.

"Why, the scroll-saw, an' holly-wood, an' everything."

"How d' you know? Who told you?" Pinkey was unable to believe what he had heard.

"Mr. Evans told me. I went by the store

just to look at the saw, and it was n't in the window; so I went in and asked to see it, and he told me I'd have to go down to your house. He said he'd delivered the whole business there this afternoon. So I went home and got these boards, and have been sittin' here waitin' for you to git out. I kept out o' sight for fear Red Feather'd catch me and keep me in, too, for hangin' around."

Bunny was compelled to relate most of his story on the run, for as soon as Pinkey had heard the main facts, he had started for home as fast as his legs would carry him, Bunny doing his best to keep up.

On their arrival, Pinkey and Bunny rushed violently in the front door, as though they expected to see the saw installed in the middle of the parlor floor. A moment later, Pinkey heard his mother's voice calling for them to come upstairs. Imagine their surprise when, on reaching the room adjoining Pinkey's bedroom, they saw that what Mr. Evans had told Bunny was only a part of the truth. In addition to finding there the scroll-saw and all its belongings, they found that Mr. Perkins had converted the room into a workshop. The wrenches, oil-can, saw-blades, and book of patterns were all on shelves made for them; and besides there was a strongly built work-bench, with several tools, which Pinkey had always longed to own, arranged in order beside it.

It was hard for Pinkey to realize what had happened. Mr. Perkins had employed a couple of carpenters, and they had spent the entire afternoon on the room and had just finished. Pinkey was speechless with joy and amazement, and could only stand and look at it all.

"Well, Pinkey," said his father at last, "does it suit you?"

"Suit me? Why, it's better than Christmas. Is all this for me?"

"Yes, all for you, Pinkey," said Mr. Perkins, fondly placing his hand on Pinkey's head. "You see, if you did n't get the saw, it might have gone to some other boy who does n't deserve it as much as you do."

FROM THE "ROCKET" TO THE "ST. LOUIS."

By J. L. HARBOUR.

DID you go to the St. Louis Fair? If you did, and you failed to see the railroad exhibit, you missed a wonderfully interesting part of "the show." You missed seeing what may be called the evolution or development of that wonderful invention, the railroad-engine. The trouble is that the boys and girls of to-day are so accustomed to the railroad that they think little of all that it represents. Some of them may be like a little girl I happen to know who once said:

"Why, papa, did n't we *always* have railroads?"

Just ask your grandparents about that. I have an idea that some of them will tell you that they were men and women long before they ever saw a railroad engine. A man but forty-five years old told me the other day that he walked ten miles with some other boys when he was ten years old to see a railroad-train.

It has not been so very many years since the most intelligent men and women laughed and even jeered at the mere idea of people riding at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour. When George Stephenson first began to talk about inventing an engine to be run on lines of wooden or iron track, the people looked upon him as a dreamer, a visionary who might not be quite "right in his head."

But this George Stephenson of Wylam, near Newcastle, in England, was not to be put down by sneers nor jeers, and he had the audacity to declare that he believed that he could invent an engine that would run at the terrific rate of twenty-five miles an hour, whereupon one of the most noted periodicals of the day said that he ought to be "put in a straight-jacket."

Stephenson went to work and built a queer-looking little railroad-engine called the "Rocket" in 1829, and that was the beginning of one of the most useful and wonderful things in the world — the modern railway system.

Then America, not to be behind any other country, got the "railroad fever," and felt that it must have one of those "strange inventions," a railroad. Such a queer thing as its first road with iron rails was! It was built in the year 1826, and it was but a little more than three miles long, and it was built for the carrying of stone from some quarries at Quincy, near Boston, to Charlestown, for the purpose of building Bunker Hill Monument.

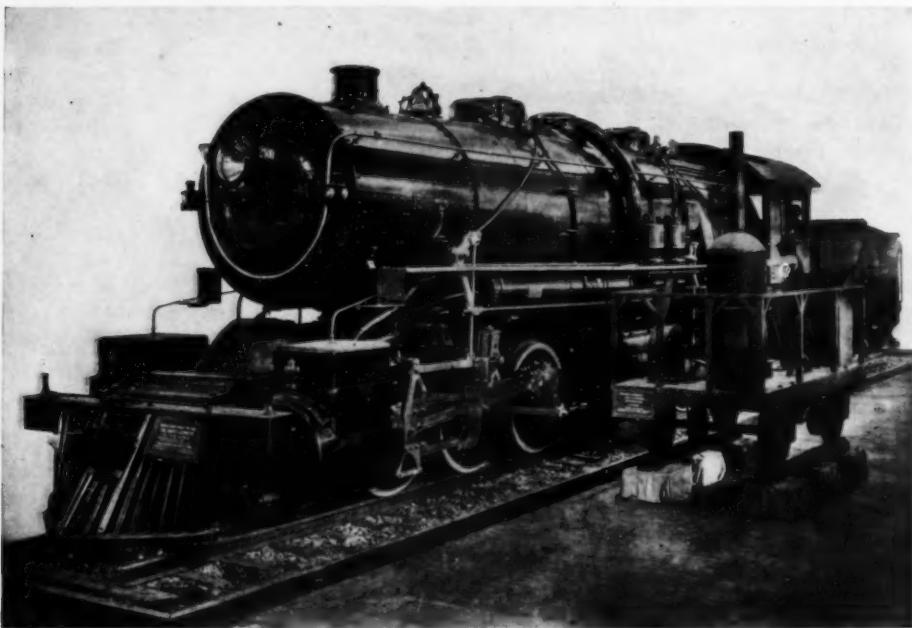
What kind of an engine did they use on this road? A four-legged one, for the one and only motive power was a horse. Steam-engines did not come into use in America for some time after that. We had to get our first steam railroad-engine from England. It had a very fierce name, for it was called the "Stourbridge Lion," and it had a lion painted on it.

If our modern railway-engines had the same power to laugh that they have to scream, they might, as you children say, "nearly die" laughing over the way our first railway-engines looked. Little, queerly-shaped, puny things they were. The "Stourbridge Lion" did n't weigh one twenty-fifth part of the weight of an engine of to-day, and it looked as if people might well hesitate about risking their lives behind it. It was first used at Honesdale in Pennsylvania, and it ran on wooden rails with a thin layer of iron on them. People gathered from near and from far that 8th of August, in the year 1829, when the little British lion of iron and steel was to make its first run. The wiseacres shook their heads and prophesied all sorts of probable disasters, and people said that "nothing on earth" could tempt them to ride across the bridge spanning the Lackawaxen River on "that thing." But the little lion went safely over the bridge and over the eight or nine miles of track which was the entire length of this line of railroad.

Then a man of whom you must have heard, for he did so much good in the world, — Peter

Cooper,—built a railroad-engine much smaller than the "Stourbridge Lion," for it weighed but a single ton. This was in the year 1830. Peter Cooper called his engine the "Tom Thumb," and it looked for all the world like a huge beer-bottle out for an airing on a rude sort of a truck, as you will see by the picture

rying of freight, and the man who first suggested the idea that they might also be made to carry people was advised not to make himself ridiculous by proposing anything so absurd in real earnest. Some even thought that there should be a law against the undertaking of anything so dangerous to human life. But in August



THE "ST. LOUIS."

THE "TOM THUMB."

of it as it stands by the "St. Louis," the largest railroad-engine ever built. The "St. Louis" weighs two hundred and forty times as much as the "Tom Thumb."

Peter Cooper built his little engine to run on the newly constructed Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and on one of its trips a horse ran a race with it and outdistanced the little engine, but this was because some part of its machinery failed to work properly. When in right working trim it astonished the people by running faster than a horse could run. But people looked upon it with great distrust, and no one had any idea that the railroad would or could become all that it has become since that time.

The first railroads were intended for the car-

of the year 1831, a train consisting of the "De Witt Clinton," the third railroad-engine built in the United States for real service, and several very queer-looking passenger-coaches started for a trip on the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad. So unusual an event was it that people came for many miles to see the strange sight, and one of the passengers has left us this account of the trip:

"The train was composed of coach-bodies mostly from Thorp and Sprague's stage-coaches, placed upon trucks. The trucks were coupled together with chains, or chain-links, leaving from two to three feet slack, and when the locomotive started it took up the slack by jerks, with sufficient force to jerk the passengers, who sat on seats across the top of the

coaches, out from under their hats; and in stopping they came together with such force as to send them flying from their seats. They used dry pitch-pine for fuel, and there being no smoke or spark-catcher to the chimney, or smoke-stack, a volume of black smoke strongly impregnated with sparks, coals, and cinders came pouring back the whole length of the train. Each of the outside passengers who had an umbrella raised it as a protection against the smoke and fire. They were found to be but a momentary protection, for I think in the first mile the last one went overboard, all having their covers burnt off from the frames, when a general mêlée took place among the deck-passengers, each whipping his neighbor to put out the fire. They presented a motley appearance on arriving at the first station."

I should think so! No wonder that one old gentleman who saw the train go wabbling by, with so many of the passengers whipping each other to put out the fire, remarked that he had

seen all he wanted of people traveling by the "ingine-cars."

Very amusing stories are told of the fright occasioned among the domestic animals by the first appearance of the "ingine-cars," and even people held their breath and felt a certain sense of relief when the "pesky things" went by without doing any mischief to the lookers-on or to the passengers.

No one ever dreamed of the possibility of dining-cars and sleeping-cars in those days, and the most hopeful and daring of the inventors of the railway had no idea that such wonderful things would come from their small beginnings. They had no idea that the quaint little "Tom Thumb" railroad-engine would one day stand side by side with a railroad-engine like the powerful "St. Louis," and that thousands and tens of thousands of people would look upon them and be glad that the mind and the hand of man had been able to work such wonders as are represented in the railways of to-day.

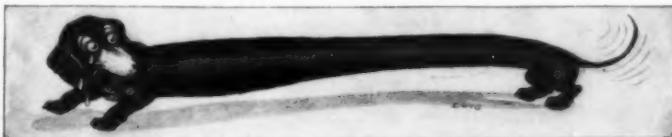
A MOVING TALE.

BY MC LANDBURGH WILSON.



THERE was a dachshund once, so long,
You have n't any notion
The time it took to notify
His tail of his emotion.

And thus it happened, while his eyes
Would weep with woe and sadness,
His tail would still be wagging on
Because of previous gladness.





A HUMMING-BIRDS' BANQUET.

BY MEREDITH NUGENT.

HERE is a strange flower. It has a set of little brooms laden with pollen, and five beautiful hood-like reservoirs stored with dainties for a bird feast.

The flower needs messengers to carry away the pollen from the brooms, and, being brilliantly colored itself, it fittingly employs the jeweled humming-bird as its messenger.

The humming-birds, like other messengers, expect payment for going upon errands; and so the flower, when it would attract the humming-birds, prepares a dainty feast. When all is ready, the hood-like petals are filled not only with nectar, but in the nectar are such insects as are especially relished by the birds. The birds cannot refuse so rich a treat, and they

eagerly eat and drink of the good things so daintily stored for them.

While the guests are busy over their feast, the little brooms are at work dusting with pollen the birds' feathered heads and backs. When the greedy little visitors have finished the nectar of one flower, they dart away to other flowers of the same kind for more.

At the second flower visited, the birds leave some of the pollen, and are again rewarded for their useful service.

This flower is a species of the *Marcgravia*, growing in tropical America. Humming-birds also act thus as messengers for the trumpet-flower, passion-flower, fuchsia, and lobelia; but none of these is so beautiful as the flower here shown.

THE ODD EVENT—AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

BY PARMALEE MCFADDEN.

"I DON'T care if they have," declared Jessie Folsom, vehemently, throwing another pillow on the end of the lounge, so that she could sit up and more comfortably enter into the discussion, which was waxing warm in the "common" room in the third story of North Hall—"Third North" it was usually called. "I don't care if they have. I claim that the character of our victories outweighs theirs; and at the best—I mean at the worst—it is only a tie. And, besides, I don't favor leaving it to Miss Caldwell, because she is all for outdoor games, while two of our athletic victories were in the gym."

This emphatically delivered opinion was in reply to Lou Winslow's remark that the Solars had won in as many contests as the Polars. The "Solars" included those girls who roomed in the South Hall located to the south of the main recitation-building in the Grovemoor School for Girls, of which Miss Adeline Caldwell was principal—and had been when some of the mothers of her present pupils went to school there. The "Polars" included those in North Hall. The two halls were independent as regards their dormitories and dining-rooms, but all the class-room and gymnasium work was in common. In the main, the girls were loyal to the set in which Miss Caldwell had placed them, and this loyalty grew as the months went on. Naturally a friendly rivalry sprang up between the two halls.

It was now the end of October, and nearly all the old girls had come back, and there were but few newcomers. Custom in the school had set the day of the last cross-country run as the ending of the "Contest year," and the debit and credit of all events dating from the previous October were contrasted.

The discussion which was now going on in Third North was by all the girls of North Hall, called the day after the cross-country run, which had been won by South after a hard contest. Ethel Simmons, one of the young "day"

scholars, had, that morning, brought over from South Hall a letter claiming the championship and asking the Polars what course they intended to take to meet their claims to this coveted honor. Lou Winslow had reminded the meeting that each side had won an equal number of events, the result being—for South: Hockey, Oratorical Contest, Tennis, and Cross-Country Run; while North had to her credit Basketball, Golf, Gymnasium Team Work, and Debate. Jessie Folsom had been on the golf-team and in the debate, and no doubt the memory of the work required to win made her estimate at their full value the victories gained. Hence her belief that the balance was in their favor.

The discussion grew warm, and after nearly an hour's conference nothing further seemed to have been arrived at than that North had triumphed over her rivals—an opinion that each Polar had already held before she entered the room.

The strain of the fruitless discussion was wearing on some, and it was apparent that the meeting would break up if something was not done before long.

Louise Winslow was acting as chairman, and her eyes roamed about the room looking for help. They rested on Mary Flanders, who was coiled up in a wicker chair at the back of the room. "Polly Flinders," almost shouted the chairman, addressing that individual by the name the girls had given her soon after she had come to the school, "you have n't said a blessed word the whole afternoon. Have n't you an idea? What 's the use of being on the golf-team if you can't help out in a simple thing like this? Can't you give us a suggestion?"

"Yes, I can," said Polly, jumping up from the lounge and leaning on the table around which the most of the girls were sitting. "I think I have a good suggestion but I don't believe any of you will take it. You don't want

Miss Caldwell to decide the matter, and you won't draw lots. Now I propose that we leave it to John." (John was the head gardener of the grounds.) "We all know he is fair."

Cries of "Oh! oh!" met this statement, for it was well known that old John, who had formerly been green-keeper on a Scotch golf-course, had coached Polly, and would have caddied for her in the tournament if he had

much looked forward to by every man, woman, and child who has the manhood, womanhood, and childhood" (Polly was growing eloquent) "to call himself a man, woman, and child—I mean *or* child—the harvest-time of the forest. Stripped of all its verbiage—I mean foliage—and getting down to the kernel, so to speak, I refer to the nutting season. Does n't that thrill you? But, honestly, joking aside, what do you say to challenging South to a nutting contest? Don't faint! It is n't intellectual, but it will be novel."

"Hurrah for Polly!" was the chorus that greeted this proposition. The relief was shared by all; and in the enthusiasm the meeting began anew, and before it adjourned the details had been worked out. They were simple. The challenge to South was to a contest of nut-gathering, to begin the next Saturday, thirty girls on a side, to start from the school at two o'clock and to be back at five-thirty, sharp. Nothing was to be counted but chestnuts and hickory-nuts, and four quarts of hickory-nuts were to equal one quart of chestnuts in the final measuring.

The challenge was accepted, and then began seven days of preparation for this novel "event," in which no previous training or mental qualities would render any assistance unless they were the keenness of observation and the memory of those who had "located" trees in their frequent rambles about the rolling country in the midst of which the school was situated.

Every man-servant and maid-servant on the premises was questioned as to the whereabouts of nut-trees; each side seeking information from every person who could possibly be of help. Long walks of inspection were taken. The teachers were in great demand as chaperons to accompany small groups from both sides—each with a different teacher, of course—to call upon neighboring farmers to learn all they knew on the subject and to get their permission to gather the nuts should any trees be on their place. One crusty old farmer, on whom a small party of Polars led by Jessie Folsom called, utterly refused his permission until Jane Olcott, in despair, offered to return him any nuts they might gather on his farm, after they had been measured at the school. And the offer was accepted.



THE BEARER OF SOUTH'S LETTER CLAIMING
THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

not been ruled out at the last minute as being a "professional." Polly gleaned from this unanimous expression that her proposition was not acceptable. Indeed, she had not expected it would be.

"Well," she went on, "if you don't care for that, what do you say to this? I have been thinking of a plan for some fun this fall, and I don't see why we can't have the fun and at the same time settle this much-vexed question to the satisfaction of our friends the enemy. We are now in the midst of that delectable season

"The stingy old thing!" Jessie said as she left the house; "I've half a mind to pick out all the worm-eaten ones to give him."

It was fun to see the rival groups scouting the country in search of information. On one occa-

up; the kitchen had been drawn upon for small salt and flour bags. Helen Robbins and Louise Sinclair, the most ambitious among the Solars, had each ripped up one end of a small lounge-pillow and hopefully displayed them to encour-



"'YES, I CAN!' SAID POLLY, JUMPING UP FROM THE LOUNGE."

sion a North and a South group approached a farm-house from opposite directions, and a sprinting-match was inaugurated on the spot to reach the house first—only to find that a half-hour previously the farmer had "crossed his breath" and solemnly promised a third group of "Miss Caldwell's young ladies" not to tell anybody else what he knew. Whether these earlier callers were Solars or Polars of course he could not say.

At last Saturday came, bright and crisp. Impromptu bags of muslin had been sewed

age other South girls by what they had set for themselves as their "stint."

The group from South Hall, headed by Catharine Stearns, with Lou Winslow leading the North contingent, assembled before the entrance of Recitation Hall. Miss Caldwell had heartily entered into the contest, and stood with watch in hand. At the stroke of two she gave the word "Go!" and that assemblage of girls scattered as if a bomb had been exploded on the lawn. Each side had recorded the reports of each of its scouting parties during that week, and small groups had been assigned certain

"covers" in which to hunt, and had been given directions about other places to which they were to repair after having exhausted their first assignment. As might have been expected, certain trees were known to both sides, and lively contests were being fought out in half a dozen places at once. Perhaps the greatest fun was when one group would make for a tree unknown to the other side. It was amusing to see some hold back, not wishing to disclose a particularly rich "find" to the others.

Jessie Folsom drew Mary Flanders to one side as Louise Sinclair and Alice Gordon came along.

"Walk slowly, Polly, and let those Solars get ahead," she said; "I know two simply gorgeous chestnut-trees over by that big boulder; and you don't have to crack the burs, either. I found them yesterday. We'll take in our regular trees later." The other girls, seeing them fall back, of course suspected something of the truth, and they held back too. Then Jessie and Polly forged ahead and started on a run. Louise and Alice, fearing lest the others might be after the trees they were assigned to, hurried after the two North girls and soon passed them. When they were out of sight, Jessie and Polly walked over to the boulder and began in earnest.

What went on at a score of other places within a mile radius of the school can be imagined. Here there would be North and South girls gathering nuts side by side; over there, a group energetically scouring the ground for the easiest gathered before their "find" should be discovered by any rivals who might be in sight and who might have met with poor luck at their trees.

Everywhere there was a mad rush and intense excitement. Helen Robbins, justifying South Hall's faith in her "divining" powers, had at her first tree filled a modest bag, and was using her tam-o'-shanter, which seemed to reach a limitless depth as the growing weight of nuts stretched the loose wool into a veritable knit bag. Almost in every case the harvest had been underestimated, and every available pocket was brought into requisition.

As the town clock sounded five preparations were made for the return. Some struck across country, regardless of "No trespassing" signs,

in the hope of being able to locate some "uncharted" tree that had escaped the others, and so get a fleeting five minutes of especially rich picking.

The first to arrive at the school was Lou Winslow, bowed down with a ton of nuts, as it seemed to her—in reality but five quarts, the record of the day. In a few minutes three South girls came up, proudly displaying their burdens. Lou's heart sank within her as she feared that each had more than she. Polly Flinders's big bag encouraged her, but thereafter her spirits rose and fell as the other girls deposited their pickings on the porch, on either side of the steps. A few minutes before five-thirty the last girl had come panting up the steps and thrown herself on a piazza chair.

Miss Caldwell was there to meet them, and at once sent for John to bring his measure from the stable. In the meantime the chestnuts were being sorted from the hickory-nuts.

When John arrived the measuring began—first with South's harvest. It seemed to the girls on both sides that John was exasperatingly slow as his clumsy hands filled and emptied the wooden quart measure.

"Why did n't you fill your *peck* measure from both lots?" said Lou Winslow, as she viewed the huge piles of hickory-nuts, impatient at John's deliberateness, "and then use the quart measure for the rest?"

But John had begun, and nothing would stop him.

"Thirteen—yes, miss—fourteen—but it's—sixteen—too late now—seventeen—"

So they had to endure the agony of waiting. Miss Caldwell and several of the girls kept tally, and a shout went up from the South girls when John had called off "eighty-four, and that's all."

"First class in mental arithmetic stand up," announced Helen Robbins.

"If one quart of chestnuts equals four quarts of hickory-nuts, how many quarts of chestnuts will eighty-four quarts of hickory-nuts equal?"

That was easy, and a chorus of voices replied, "Twenty-one."

North's contribution was then measured and showed but sixty-eight quarts, an equivalent of seventeen quarts of chestnuts.

Then John began on South's chestnuts, which amounted to twenty-eight quarts, giving the total South score as equivalent to forty-nine quarts of chestnuts.

But that meant nothing until North's final measuring. Now the excitement was intense, and when John had measured thirty quarts it seemed as if the girls would go wild.

"Thirty quarts and the seventeen from our hickory-nuts make forty-seven. Two more

The old fellow's eyes twinkled, and, if the truth were known, he was no less excited than the contestants.

But all things have an end, and at last he had gathered in every stray chestnut in sight. Straightening up, he held in his hand a partly filled measure, and estimating by the markings on the inside the fractions of a quart, announced what every one by this time had known: "thirty-one and a half for the North young ladies."



"EVERYWHERE THERE WAS A MAD RUSH AND INTENSE EXCITEMENT."

quarts will tie them! Oh, why did n't we stay just five minutes longer at that last tree, Polly?" said Jessie Folsom, in despair.

How many quarts were there in that scattered remnant of a pile? That was the question in each mind. No one could guess, and nothing remained but to endure John's maddening deliberation.

The girls crowded around the old man until he had barely room in which to work. It seemed as if he were slower and clumsier than ever.

"Hurry, hurry, John!" they kept urging.

"Hurrah!" cried thirty excited voices from the South end of the steps. Caps were flung in the air, and such a hugging and dancing went on among that jubilant contingent that you might have thought bedlam had been let loose.

"Hurrah! Won by a pint! Hurrah for Old South!" And Catharine Stearns and Alice Gordon ran over to their dormitory to run up the Solar's flag.

In the meantime Miss Caldwell was preparing the "official" score to be handed to the leaders of the respective contestants.

"It's perfectly disgusting," said Jessie Folsom, struggling to hide her disappointment. "They act like an infant-school."

"So they do," said Lou Winslow, who was standing by her; "and they have sent over to

This is what had happened. When Lou had jammed her hands in her pockets she had thrust one of them through a hole in the lining, and had pricked her finger on a fragment of chestnut-bur. In an instant she discovered



"ONE BY ONE LOU BROUGHT THE TRUANT CHESTNUTS TO LIGHT."

run up their flag. I'm just mad clear through," and she violently thrust both hands in the pockets of her jacket and started to walk off.

But in an instant she gave vent to a loud "Ouch!" and then, a moment later, she had run up the steps, shouting the while: "Hold on! Hold on! I've got some more nuts. We are not all in yet."

This announcement caused an immediate rally of the North girls, while their rivals were too busy celebrating their victory and congratulating one another to take much notice.

that the vast recesses between the cloth and the lining were rich in chestnuts that had worked through an unsuspected hole of considerable size in the lining—a tear made larger by the weight of nuts with which the pocket had been stuffed.

Miss Caldwell stepped forward to investigate, and recognized the validity of the claim. By this time the South girls had begun to "take notice," and they pressed forward, fearing a recurrence of another tie. Again the measure, still containing North's precious three pints, was

produced by John, and one by one Lou brought the truant chestnuts to light. If there had been excitement before, it would be hard to say what this was now. Higher and higher rose the level of the contents, until John announced that the measure was legally full.

"Is that all?" shouted the Polars as in one breath.

"No, I've got some more," Louise replied, almost too excited to speak. "*The lining is open all the way around.*"

It took but a moment to pick up the front end of the jacket and shake the nuts down to where they could be reached by her hand, and in another minute she had pulled out a half-pint more.

Then it was North's turn.

The "disgusting" behavior of the Solars of a few minutes previous was repeated with interest, those erstwhile critics Lou and Jessie vying with the others in their wild jubilation.

"Hurrah!" went up the cry from thirty frenzied throats; "Hurrah for North! Won by a half-pint!"

Then Lou Winslow stepped down on the lawn, and looking up to the little balcony on the third floor of North Hall, where a neatly aproned chambermaid had patiently been sitting with halyards and a flag in her lap, waved her hand and shouted:

"All right, Mary!"

And slowly out the length of the pole went the blue flag of North Hall, bearing on either side, in large white letters, "Champions 1905."

THE PIPE AND THE SOAP-BUBBLE.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.



"I AM little," the soap-bubble said, "just now;
Oh, yes, I am small, I
know";

(This is what it said to the penny pipe);
"But watch and see me grow.

"Now look! and reflected in me you'll see
The windows, the chairs, and door.
I'm a whole little world; did you ever know
Such a wonderful thing before?

"And only look at my colors bright,
Crimson and green and blue.
You could hardly hope such a lovely thing
Would ever stay here with you.

"And I feel so light!" the bubble cried;
"I am going now; good-by!

I shall float and float away from here,
Out under the shining sky;

"I shall float—" But puff! the bubble broke.
The pipe near the nursery floor
Never looked nor spoke, but went on with
its work,
And blew a great many more.



FORKS.

BY D. M. MORRELL.

WHERE is the man to-day who would count forks as a luxury? Even the poorest consider them a necessity of table service, and thereby they possess something which Queen Elizabeth and the grandees of her time regarded as both a luxury and a curiosity.

In the days before the latter part of the seventeenth century, meat was commonly stewed. When roasted it was cut in bits by the carver, that it might be taken by the guests without soiling more than the tips of their fingers. It was a part of table etiquette to keep the hands as clean as possible. After eating, the hands were cleansed by water poured over them into basins. These were the original finger-bowls. In the royal household there was a dignitary called the Ewrar, whose duty it was to superintend the necessary servants, basins, and towels for this service.

The Greeks and Romans, with all their luxury, ate with their fingers. They had large forks for hay and for taking meats from kettles, but they never dreamed of having small ones for table use. These are the only forms of forks known to have been in use before the fifteenth century. Sometime during that epoch the Italians began the practice, now common to all civilized people among the Western nations, of eating with forks.

There is an account given by a traveler in Italy in 1608, in which he says: "I observed a custom in all those Italian cities and towns through which I passed that is not used in any other country that I saw in my travels; neither do I think that any other nation of Christendom doth use it, but only Italy. The Italians and also most strangers do always at their meals use a little forke when they cut their meat. For while with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they eat the meat out of the dish, they fasten the forke, which they hold in their other hand upon the same dish; so that whatsoever he be that sitting in the company of others at meals should unadvisedly touch

the dish of meat with his fingers, from which all the table doe eat, he will give occasion of offence unto the company, as having transgressed the laws of good manners, in so much that for his error he shall be at the least brow-beaten, if not reprehended in words. This form of feeding, I understand, is generally used in all places of Italy; their forkes being for the most parte made of yron, steele, and some of silver, but these are used only by gentlemen."

Though the Italian had reached this degree of refinement during the fifteenth century, England was slow to follow the example. This was less from ignorance than prejudice. Having assumed that to seize one's food with one's fingers was the proper mode, the people persisted in eating according to their own code of etiquette.

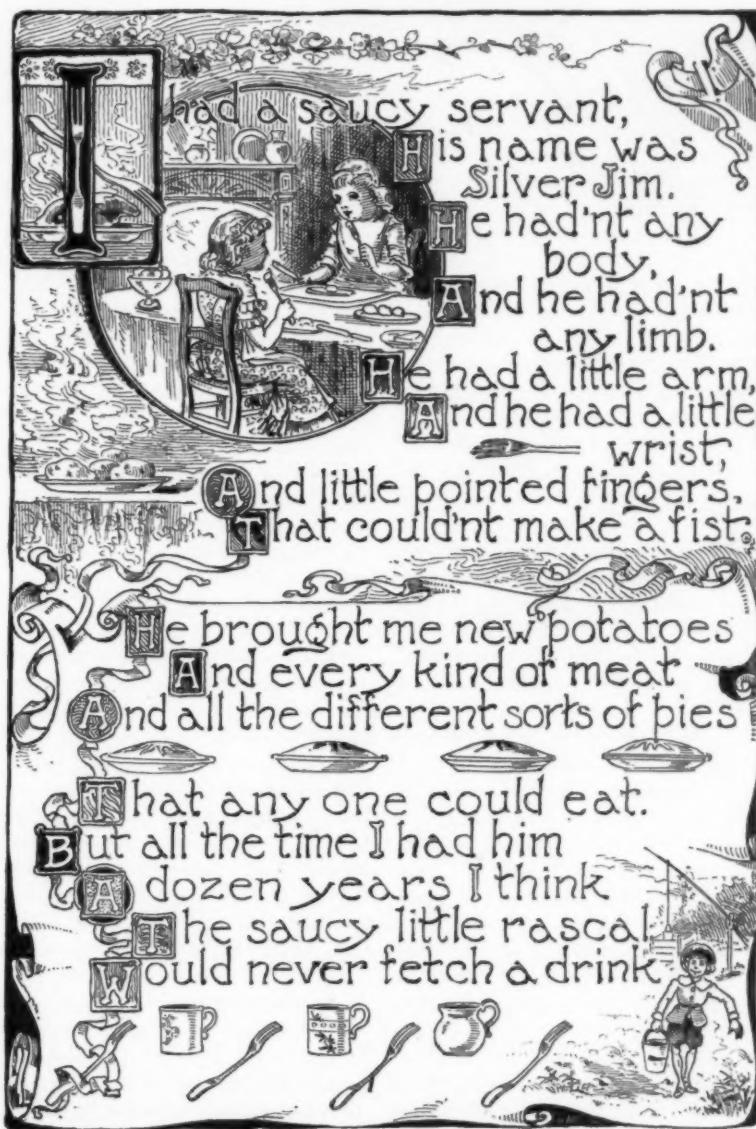
At the middle of the seventeenth century the highest classes had adopted the use of forks, but few noblemen had more than a dozen silver forks, and possibly some of steel. During the early part of the eighteenth century these articles were so little in common use that it was customary for gentlemen to carry their own knives and forks with them. Silver forks were introduced into great Britain in 1814, and their extensive use marks the increase of wealth and refinement in that country.

Queen Elizabeth was the first person in England known to have owned a fork, but she kept it for ornament, not for use. In "Nichol's Progresses," where is given an inventory of her appointments, are "Item, a knife and a spoune, and a forke of christall, garnished with golde sleightly, and sparcks of garnetts; given by the Countess of Lyncolne. Item, a forke of corall, sleightly garnished with golde: given by Mrs. Frances Drury. Item, one spoune and forke of golde; the forkes garnished with two lyttle rubyes, two lyttle forkes pendant, and a lyttle corall: given by the Countess of Warwicke." These forks undoubtedly were given

and prized as foreign curiosities of considerable value.

The fork takes its name from the Latin *furca*, *fourchette*, while the English go back to the a yoke looking like an inverted V. From this former and retain the harder sounding "fork."

A RIDDLE RHYME.



The Story of a Rogue.



By
Daniel Gibbons.

IT was in Ceylon that Bolivar's life began. Almost from the first he was a marvel to the natives, who were used only to his small and docile brethren and sisters. Strength and rapid growth were his wonderful attributes from the start; and so, too, was the disposition to use them. From his earliest days, as boy and man elephant, he was a sad bully. At length he became known, even to the men of the island, as a quarrelsome and dangerous fellow.

As he wandered up and down through the jungles, savage, morose, alone, he found his pleasure in attacking every living thing that came across his path. He trod down and tore, with fierce masterfulness, the plant tendrils which sometimes restrained him as he walked through the jungles on his way up to the foot-hills that surrounded lonely Adam's Peak, in the center of the island. And so he lived for years, until at last his fame spread through the land and to a far-away country across the deep water which Bolivar occasionally saw—to that land which men call "Europe." It marked the beginning of the second stage of his career; for in that far-away land lived a man who made his living by buying, training, and selling monsters of the animal kind to other men who thrived as rulers of the beasts.

Having once heard of Bolivar, it did not take Van Amberg long to plan an expedition to far Ceylon. He had already sent his men

up and down through continental India, even to the foot-hills of the Roof of the World, as they call the mighty Himalayas. But in no place did they hear of anything which compared with the fame that lauded the wonder of Ceylon. Over the water to the island went the party. Hiring some native guides, they were soon on his track.

His track was not hard to find. He scorned concealment. He was lord in Ceylon, with no one to dispute his mastery, man or beast. All that Bolivar had seen of any of them, for years, was their backs.

Days passed and, gradually, the party drew nearer to his place of abode. Bolivar became conscious of the fact that he now saw more signs of the nearness of human beings than he had ever seen before. And sharp eyes were watching him all the time. One morning Bolivar realized, with a sense of disquietude, that whichever way he turned he was confronted with huge barriers, strangely, unaccountably, impenetrable. Other elephants appeared and crowded around him. Something, that felt like the tendrils he had once trampled down in the lordly pleasure of destruction, clasped his hind feet; others, his front feet; and then, for the first time in his life, Bolivar could not do as he pleased.

He was a prisoner. He screamed; he trumpeted wildly; he struggled madly to wrench himself free. All the rage he had ever felt seemed concentrated in effort; but it was vain. Liberty was henceforth not for him.

"Oh," said one of the men he now saw on all sides of him, "what a monster!"

Bolivar's next experiences included some things he did not like at all. In the first place, he could no longer have the fresh tendrils and tree shoots, either to eat or to destroy. Indeed, he had nothing at all to eat until, after many furious outbursts of rage, he tired and calmed down. He was weak and dispirited with hunger before they fed him. Dry and miserable stuff it was, compared with the jungle food; but he did not stop to quarrel with his appetite.

He was taken aboard a ship, after much coaxing and some forcing, and was stowed in a big cage. After a long, long journey, terrible because of the fashion in which his new, frail world heaved and tossed and tumbled, he reached the place where lived the man Van Amberg, who had sent out the expedition.

Great had been the expectations that preceded his coming. The hopes of the master of the beasts were wrought up to the highest pitch. When the ship landed, he went on board at once. At sight of his prize he was fairly taken aback.

"Good!" he almost shouted. "All they said of him is true. What a mighty elephant!"

He came nearer, and looked into Bolivar's eyes. A new emotion overspread the master's face.

"Rogue!" he muttered under his breath; but aloud he said, "Barnum and Forepaugh will have a fine bidding-match for him."

There were giants in those days, among masters as well as beasts. Barnum and Forepaugh were the greatest of them. Even Van Amberg did their bidding. The earth held no part that escaped their searchers. Barnum, center of many a world sensation, was a writer and thinker as well as a showman. Smooth-shaven, boyish in heart as well as in face, suave, agreeable, he was a hero of the boys of the northern half of the United States. Forepaugh, famous among trainers of animals, was better known to the boys of the vicinity of Philadelphia and sections of the United States farther south. The two waged a perpetual war of business and enterprise, an endless struggle to determine which should obtain and present the greatest wonders of the earth. It went on for years—

as long as these two giants of the show business lived.

Such a close rivalry could not leave out of sight the most remarkable of the animals. At that time, Jumbo, the mighty, beloved of generations of boys and girls for his gentleness, his undaunted courage, and his great stature, was king of the menagerie world. He was in a great zoological garden in London, and was the pet of every boy and girl, of every man and woman, among the many millions of England who could go to see him. He was of huge stature. His fame as the largest animal known was such that he was one of the acknowledged wonders of the metropolis of the British Empire, and, for that matter, of the world. The sorrow, the real grief, of the English may well be imagined when it was discovered, one fine day, that Barnum, the American showman, had bought him and was going to take him to Yankee-land.

But the fates were kind to Mr. Forepaugh, too. He heard from Van Amberg that the Ceylon jungle monarch was the largest that had ever come from that land of small and docile elephant life. When he read the measurements and was assured, besides, that Bolivar was still young, he felt some degree of comfort. He began to hope the stranger might grow and become a possible rival to the great Jumbo, if nothing more. The negotiations closed. Again Bolivar took a journey, in a swaying ship, to the western land that was henceforth to be his home. As Van Amberg, the master of the beasts, saw him off in the steerage of a great liner, he breathed a long, deep breath. The master was easier in his mind at the thought of being rid of his bullying, harsh-tempered, powerful "rogue."

Soon the show-bills of Forepaugh began to claim for him the possession of the equal of Jumbo. Forepaugh was pleased; and, what was more important from the standpoint of the showman, he noticed that his "find" was indeed growing. In a short time Bolivar justified the enthusiastic prediction of his first owner. At the height of his career, he attained the stature of ten feet and came to weigh six and one half tons. Adam Forepaugh was satisfied.

But Bolivar's growth was not the only de-

velopment he exhibited. His evil temper, his disposition to bully, his unconquerable desire to give trouble of all sorts, grew faster than his stature and his value as a show animal. "Young Adam" Forepaugh, famous as a trainer, took him in hand and spent upon him the best of his skill, experience, and patience. It was all futile. Bolivar would not learn. Nothing could teach him that he must "play square," do his part, and go along with the menagerie's procession. At times he attacked his keepers with the utmost fury; and when his wrath was upon him he would bend and twist the iron rods of his cage as though they were saplings, though they proved in the end always stronger than he.

Many were the feats of strength and ferocity Bolivar performed; but he was to do one that was to surpass all that men knew of elephants. It was in the year 1880 that Forepaugh's circus was traveling through Kansas. It stopped at a little town near Topeka. The night circus had been showing, and, after the performance, the work of putting the animals on board the train was in progress. Bolivar seemed to be in a fair humor—for him. He went along quietly enough

speaking in low and friendly tones, endeavored to coax him to go onward. Not an inch would Bolivar move. He began, instead, the low, deep trumpeting which his keepers knew meant trouble. He moved forward a pace or two. The men hoped his fit might be put off this time. But Bolivar rushed at the car with one of his wildest screams. A blow of his head upset the great structure, hurling it off the track.

The men around him, seeking to terrify him, raised a tremendous shout. Thoroughly aroused, he turned upon the mounted keeper who had endeavored to coax him to move, wreathed around horse and rider his enormous trunk, and hurled them flying through the air.

His wrath spent, he quietly curled up his trunk, sank down upon his knees, and made as though he desired to go to sleep. The keeper was not killed, but the horse died from the shock.

The fame of Bolivar spread all over the land. People wanted more than ever to see him, but the circus-people were not so enthusiastic. They were in constant fear, for there



"A BLOW OF HIS HEAD UPSET THE GREAT STRUCTURE, HURLING IT OFF THE TRACK."

with the other elephants, until he was near the car on which he was to mount for the trip to the next show place. Suddenly he stopped. His keeper rode forward close beside him, and,

was no telling when one of his most destructive rages would burst forth. He was now, whenever on exhibition, confined in a cage. It was in sad contrast to the free life of the jungle,

and a great privation as compared with the sort of freedom he had formerly enjoyed.

And meanwhile, Jumbo, a noble animal indeed, magnanimous with all his strength, tender

that dulls the sharpest claws, muzzles the fiercest mouths, restrains the most tremendous strength. It is as merciful as it is mighty. It is a home, a hospital, a haven, a prison—all



"THOROUGHLY AROUSED, HE TURNED UPON THE MOUNTED KEEPER, WREATHED AROUND HORSE AND RIDER HIS ENORMOUS TRUNK, AND HURLED THEM FLYING THROUGH THE AIR."

as a woman, though he was "only an elephant," had gone down to death on a railroad track in Canada in his effort to save a little elephant from a one-eyed monster—a great railway engine which spurted out white smoke and made a loud noise. Thinking it was about to attack his pet, he turned around and calmly faced it until it ran him down to an awful but glorious end. Such was the fate of the gallant old rival of the mighty Bolivar.

There are other masters of the beasts besides the collectors and the showmen. One man Bolivar despised; many men Bolivar could crush; but all men Bolivar, at the last, must submit to. There is a place men make

in one. The beasts of the wood and field, the fishes of the streams, the birds of the wide, free air,—the very snakes,—can have there whatever they desire, save liberty alone. It is called the Zoölogical Garden.

The time came when even "Young Adam" Forepaugh despaired of Bolivar without chains; and an elephant in chains is a "white elephant," very heavy to carry around and more than expensive. With Jumbo killed, and Bolivar determined on killing everything else, the greatest animal in the world, too valuable to be slain, were better given away than kept to do murder.

"A rogue," said Forepaugh, as Van Am-

berg, the first master of the beasts, had said before.

And they presented Bolivar to the Zoölogical Garden at Philadelphia—the only master he was fit for. Here he was chained fast, to spend his days until the end.

During the day the boys and girls gather around him; for, however cruel he was and can be Bolivar is still an object of interest. The children give him good things—apples, candy, and peanuts; and so, between regular diet and the day's dainties, Bolivar manages to endure life comfortably.

But the vigilance of his keepers never re-

laxes. Chains he must wear; and an iron guard extends all the way around his cage to keep him surely within bounds.

But no amount of docility, no continuing evenness of temper, no steady good faith, will avail to convince his custodians that he is really harmless. They think that he is only temporarily less bad; that is the best praise he can now win for himself.

His feet will never again press the verdure even of this less favored land. He has been taught, relentlessly, that the rights of those by whom he is surrounded are stronger than his will or his power.



BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP.

I AM a little fellow,
Though I'm always up to date.
The days I hold within my hand are only twenty-eight;
But I just save my moments up,
And count them o'er and o'er,
Till in four years I've saved enough to make up one day more.
But little folks that kindly are, and pleasant in their play,
May save enough in far less time to make a happy day.

PENNY SAD AND PENNY GLAD

By STELLA GEORGE STERN



WHEN a little penny's dingy
And a dull and ugly brown,
From the fingers of the butcher-boy
And every one in town,
I feel sorry for the penny,
And I say it is too bad—
Don't *you* think the little penny must be sad?

Then I rub it on the carpet
With all my main and might,
Till it gets all warm and shiny,
And so pretty and so bright
That I'm sure it has forgotten
All the troubles that it had—
Don't *you* think the little penny must be glad?

PLANTATION STORIES.

BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.

THE BIRD THAT BOUGHT BARGAINS.

On his seventh birthday little Pate received a silver quarter for one of his gifts; and he was allowed to go down to the small country store with Uncle Bergen, the coachman, that he might spend it. He returned with — of all things, on a plantation where fat poultry were plenty—a lean and protesting old speckled hen!

His mother was upstairs in her own room; Aunt Jinsey, his colored “mammy,” received him on the front gallery.

“What you got dar, honey boy?” she asked curiously. “What you do with dat ol’ hen?”

“I bought it with my silver quarter,” returned Pate, stoutly. His own belief in the suitability of the purchase was beginning to weaken.

Aunt Jinsey threw up her hands and laughed. “Oh, yah — yah — yah!” she shouted. “Ain’t we-all got chickens ‘nough on dis Broadlands plantation, widout you go to de sto’ an’ buy dat ol’ hen what look like she belong to Mathusalem’ grandmudder?” she inquired.

Patricia and Isabel here joined the court of inquiry. Perhaps they had hoped for some small treat when their brother returned.

“But she was so cheap,” murmured the little boy, disconsolately, as he seated himself on the gallery steps and nursed his purchase.

“Nothin’ ain’t cheap what you don’t want,” said Aunt Jinsey, conclusively. “Suttin’ly not a sorry ol’ hen like dat, when we-all got de finest chickens in Miss’sippy, an’ mo’ dan we-all kin eat.”

The gloom deepened on Pate’s countenance. The old nurse saw it, and to relieve the situation offered one of the ready tales with which she was wont to instruct and admonish her little brood. “You minds me o’ young Miz. Song-Sparrer. Dat lady wuz what you might call a bargain-seeker. She ain’t think ‘bout much else. She ain’t talk ‘bout much else. All she kin say dest, ‘Cheap! Cheap! Cheap!’”

This sounded promising, and all three chil-

dren settled themselves to listen. “Mr. Song-Sparrer talk to her dest like I been talk’ to you, little Marse. He beg her look at sumpin’ sides de cheapness when she go to market.

“De lady ain’t listen’. She fotch home string in place o’ worms; an’ when Mr. Song-Sparrer ax how he gwine eat sich truck, she say, ‘Oh, but you must mind how cheap dey wuz. A body got to scratch for worms; but I dest pick up des’hyer strings for a song. Dat what I give fur ‘em — a song — yes, sir, an’ I sung dat song myself. Dey ain’t cost me nuffin’.’

“An’ dey ain’t wuth so much as totin’ home,’ said poor Mr. Song-Sparrer, as he peck at de string, an’ try to make a snack on ‘em.”

Pate let his bargain slide from his knees to the steps. Somehow, there was a likeness to string in the hen’s scrawny neck and legs, the latter tied with a bit of gingham rag.

“Matters rock along with de Sparrer family tell after de eggs been laid in de sparrer’ nest, an’ Miz. Sparrer settin’ on ‘em all de day long, so she can’t go out an’ seek no bargains, an’ Mr. Sparrer feedin’ her so she have her time for to do so. Hit come to de fourth day o’ July—dat late for a sparrer to be hatchin’ out a brood, even when hit de second brood in de year. Miz. Sparrer felt dat she ort to make dem eggs hurry up; an’ she wonder heap o’ times is dey any cheap truck layin’ round on de bushes dat Mr. Sparrer might as well pick up, an’ dat he ain’t a-gittin’.

“Dest at dat time de little boy what live in de house near by de tree whar de sparrer’ nest build, come out an’ fling sumpin’ down in de gyarden walk. Den he run ‘way.

“Miz. Sparrer peek over de aidge de nest. What de boy flung down look dest like a nice red stick wid a string at one eend. Miz. Sparrer ain’t study ‘bout what use she got for a red stick wid a string at one eend.”

The old negress looked from the corners of

her eyes at the little boy. Pate occupied himself with the knot on the legs of his hen.

"No," Aunt Jinsey went on; "de little sparrer lady ain't axin' no sich quisti'ns. 'Dest goin' for nothin,' she say, as she look at hit. 'A body kin git dat for dey own price.' An' she fly down right quick, pick up de little red stick, an' pack it back to her nest, an' tuck it un'nearth her wings wid de eggs.

fat worm for her, dest 'bout skeerd out'n his wits when he see her shoot up in de air, wid egg-shells all 'bout her, an' fall down a-hollerin'. De little boy laugh; but 't ain't no laughin' matter to de Sparrer fambly.

"I 'spect dey built 'em 'nudder nest, an' dat little Miz. Sparrer lay some mo' eggs in hit. But she l'arn dest what I been tel'l little Marse — no truck hain't cheap unless you wants hit."



"BINGETY — BANG! BIM — BAM — BLIP! — DAT FIRE-CRACKER GO OFF."

"De little boy what brung hit dar, he watch. Now he holler to he mammy in de house, 'Oh, ma! De bird carry off my fire-cracker — an' hit a-burnin'! What you reckon hit gwine to do to her?'

"Nobody did n't have long to wait to find out what dis-hyer last cheap business gwine do for Miz. Sparrer. She dest 'bout got herself fixed good wid de fire-cracker 'mongst de eggs when — Bingety — bang! Bim — bam — BLIP! — dat fire-cracker go off. De eggs dey splosh all 'bout. Miz. Sparrer git her wings an' her tail-feathers singe'. Mr. Sparrer, comin' home wid a good

Pate pushed the scrawny hen with his bare foot. "You can have it, Aunt Jinsey," he said doubtfully.

"Thanky, little Marse. Thanky greatly," said the old nurse, bowing and smiling as she picked up her hen. "I 's mighty proud o' my bargain, dat I is. I *needs* a chicken down to my cabin. I gwine git yo' ma lef' me make you a whole pan o' gingerbread men, an' beastes. Dat suit little white ladies an' genterman a heap better dan a sorry ol' hen."

And the three children all cried together that it would.



The birds are all social and gregarious in winter, and seem drawn together by common instinct. Where you find one, you will not only find others of the same kind, but also several different kinds.

—JOHN BURROUGHS.

There is a foot, more or less, of clear open water at the edge here, and seeing this, one of these birds hops down, as if glad to find any open water at this season, and after prinking, it stands in the water on a stone, and dips its head, and flirts the water about vigorously, giving itself a good washing. I had not expected this at this season. No fear that it will catch cold! —HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

FAITHFUL FEATHERED FRIENDS.

IN each season some birds come to us, while others depart; and in every season we look in vain for some that were recently numerous. How unsatisfying it would be were all birds equally restless! But Nature, with her usual forethought, has given us many of domestic habits, as if foreseeing that our attachment to her most beautiful creatures would be too strong to be satisfied unless we had them for permanent neighbors.

Most of our winter birds are those that are permanent residents, although we are likely to think of them as birds of the winter only, because they are not so noticeable among the gay species that attract our attention during the warmer months. One is not likely to search for woodpeckers and chickadees when tanagers, orioles, and humming-birds are singing or building.

Let us take a look at some of our permanent residents. Crows are not nearly so numerous in the winter, in northern New York and in places equally cold, as they are in summer. Yet many of them gain a living by picking up the grains of corn that have fallen from the freight-cars and been scattered along the track. And since they cannot long exist without water, they also find much food on the river-banks and along the spring runs when the snow is deep. No other bird will better reward close observation, the study of his language alone being an endless source of amusement and instruction. Crows are among the earliest birds to build. They lay their dark-green eggs before the last snow has fallen.

While there is still snow on the ground I go to the woods, looking for nests of the larger hawks. The loggerhead shrike is then building in the pasture-thorn. Usually I find the nest half made, but sometimes with many little

GOLDFINCHES, PURPLE FINCH, SONG-SPARROWS, AND MEADOW-LARK.

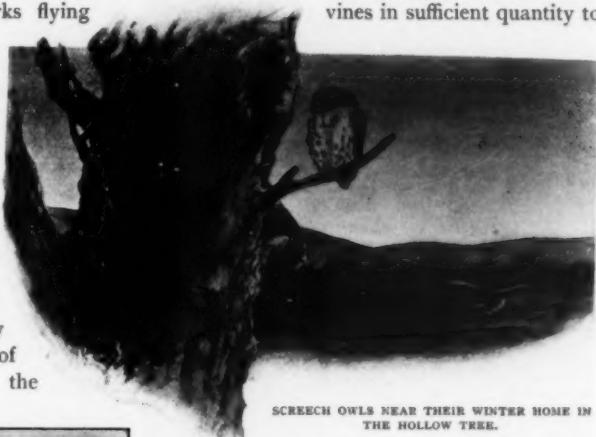
white feathers fluttering around its rim, to tell me that its soft lining is already in place. By the time the maple sugar-works are in full blast I see prairie horned larks flying across the road with their bills full of nesting material, and if I follow I shall find a cozy hollow somewhere in the brown sod lined with down. All the birds are ready to take advantage of the first indications of spring to begin house-building, having had the entire winter in which to select the best places.

Although most of our permanent residents build before any of the spring migrants, two of them—the cedar-waxwing and the goldfinch — are, strange to say, the last of all to build.



RED-SHOULDERED HAWK (UPPER RIGHT) AND CROWS (LOWER PART OF CUT).
Feeding under difficulties.

The waxwings, be it remembered, are not to be seen every winter, but only when their favorite berries stay on the trees and vines in sufficient quantity to



SCREECH OWLS NEAR THEIR WINTER HOME IN THE HOLLOW TREE.

give them a living, when they are often seen in flocks of from ten to twenty or thirty. Like the cedar-bird, the robin feeds in winter on the berries of the mountain-ash, and upon others which are likely to fail in severe seasons. Robins are never so numerous as waxwings in the winter. On the bleak shores of Lake Michigan and of the St. Lawrence River I have seen in midwinter not only robins and waxwings, but even song-sparrows.

One cold midwinter day, as I walked along the top of a steep sand-bank, a short-eared owl now and then flew out from the face of the cliff below. I looked over the edge to see where it could have found a resting-place, and discovered that the bank was honeycombed with holes made by bank-swallows and kingfishers. What a snug place for the owls to spend the cold days—those long, dark passages of the kingfishers! At another time a short-eared owl flew up from the ground at the edge of a frozen brook, and there I found a bower among the tall, thick grass, which had been parted by the bird for door and window.

The neighborhood of water is a good place to search for birds when the snow is deep and the rivers and ponds are mostly frozen. The few springs which are still open are then sure to attract all the birds in their region. They come to drink or to bathe or to seek food;



DASHING, ROLICKING FLIGHT OF BLUE JAY IN A SNOW-STORM.

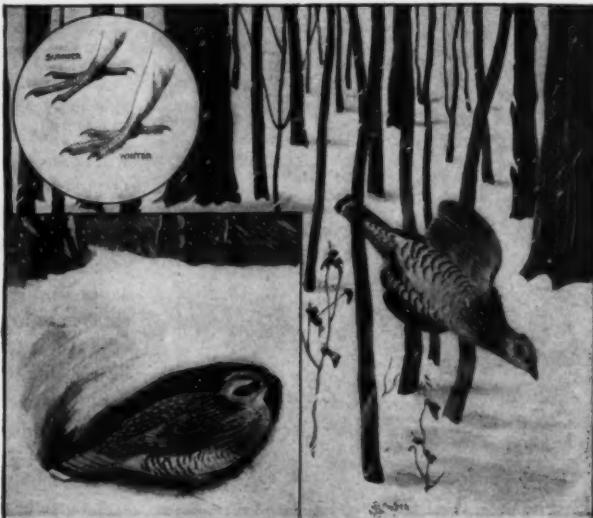
the great red-shouldered hawk often hovering there, like a kingfisher, looking for frogs and crayfish.

The bird-life of February does not greatly differ from that of January, except in those sunshiny days that often occur toward the end of the month, when the rail-fences begin to steam under the earliest rays of the morning sun. The snow is in patches here and there, on fences and walls and in the crotches of the trees. From the fields and meadows the meadow-lark's song begins to vibrate with something of gladness in it. The birds are beginning to make merry, and to hold reunions in the fence-corners, where they sun themselves and play among the raspberry-bushes, the goldenrod, and last year's brown grasses. Shell-ice

covers the brook, and you sink deep in the snow beside it; but the song-sparrow is there, skipping before you among the weeds, flitting his tail and wings, and uttering his lively notes to show that he is happy and to cheer you. How delightful it all is!

Now and then we observe a flicker on a fence-post; perhaps we see him fly to the frozen ground to investigate the subject of ants. At this season I have seen him pecking at the hard earth and evidently thinking of ants, recollecting their delicious flavor when taken on an empty stomach. His little black-and-white cousin, the downy woodpecker, seems more at home in the cold and the snow, as he hammers the trees in the gray woods, with sleepy owls and hardy ruffed grouse for neighbors, and fidgety nuthatches and lively chickadees for comrades.

Most of these permanent residents seem to have rather an unpleasant experience when the deep snows and the freezing days set in, for they must rake and scrape to keep from starving. But the ruffed grouse appears to be always at his ease, and he is always at home. He burrows in the snow and never cares how deep it is above him, while he sleeps away the night. His feet have grown fringes of little



THE RUFFED GROUSE.
In right, diving into the snow; in lower left, in burrow down in the snow; in upper left, change of feet between summer and winter.



PERMANENT BIRD RESIDENTS IN A COSTY CORNER.

On limb of tree at top, downy woodpecker; on top of stake in fence-flicker; going down stake, white-breasted nuthatch; two on fence-rail, chickadees; in flight (near the ground), song-sparrow.

scales, which are long enough and strong enough to bear his weight when the snow comes. When spring arrives, does he condescend to remove these snow-shoes? Not a bit of it. He calmly waits for Nature to do it for him. And she always does.

In the woods, too, we shall find the goldfinch and the purple finch, the former feeding on birch seed, perhaps, and always cheerful. Who ever heard of a goldfinch being anything else? But the young folks must not expect to find in winter the goldfinch in the plumage indicated by its name. In the winter months he is drab or brown, with tinges of olive or light yellow on his head. The purple finches are feeding on the elm, the maple, and the berries of cedar trees. One cold day, not long ago, a fine pair of these birds flew up from the

ground in front of me and alighted near by. When I had passed they had returned to the ground. I wondered why. To drink from an icy spring that quivered in a hollow.

EDMUND J. SAWYER.

A NOVEL FLOATING ISLAND.

ON my summer vacation among the Green Mountains of Vermont, I found floating near the edge of a large pond an old plank that had been taken possession of by a colony of water-loving plants. The photograph will give a much better idea of its looks than any words. The plank was floating entirely free, and some of the plants had apparently been on it for more than a year.

The largest plant was a marsh St.-Johnswort that had gone to seed; its long rootstocks were trailing beside the plank. The second largest group is mainly water-bidens. This is one of several kinds of bidens that bear the two-forked barbed seeds that cover your clothing after an autumn tramp. These seeds, or rather fruits, are called sticktight, pitchforks, and sometimes beggar's lice.

There were also in this island colony the cut-grass and two or three species of sedge. It is not an uncommon thing to find water-plants growing on the ends of logs and sticks that project out into the water, but this is the first time I ever saw them afloat. A. J. GROUT.



THE FLOATING ISLAND.

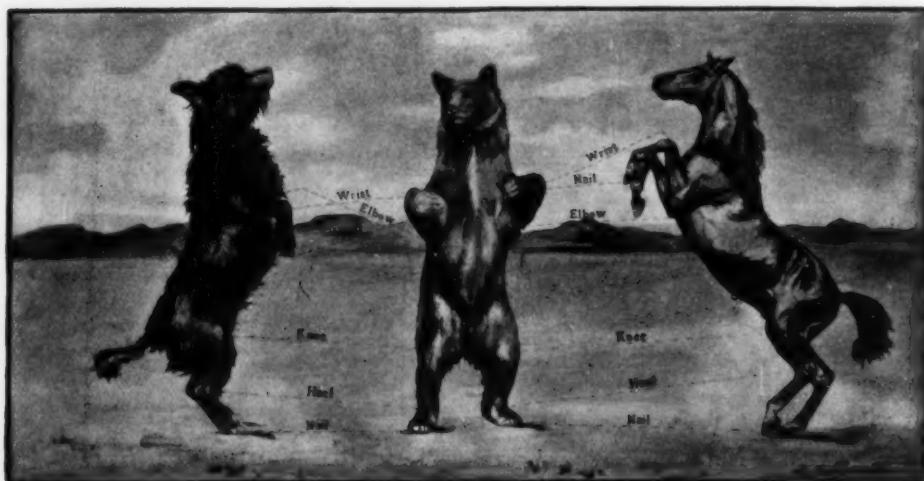
ARMS AND LEGS OF MAN AND OTHER ANIMALS.

SOME day, when puss is stretched out at full length, try to make out how nearly her two pairs of limbs correspond to our own arms and legs. One sees at a glance that the bones of puss's arms and hands are very like ours, except that the part next the shoulder is hidden in her loose fur overcoat, and she does not put down her whole palm as she walks.

The other two limbs are not so much like ours. If the second joint, which is free from the skin, is the knee,—as, of course, it must be,—then the one next below must be the ankle. Sure enough, here is the sharp heel-bone, with

The bears, however, go flat-footed, and so do nearly all the cold-blooded quadrupeds, like the turtles, newts, and lizards.

Now the horse never puts his heel on the ground, nor even the ball of his foot. He stands up on the very tips of his toes, and this is, in part, the reason why he can trot so fast. Dobbin's heels are half-way up his hind legs, and what we call his knees are really his wrists. The part corresponding to the upper arm is short, and is so embedded in the muscles of the shoulder that the elbow comes next the body. But the horse has only one digit on each limb, and the wrist-bones are comparatively small. The so-called ankle, then, is the



THE HANDS AND FEET OF THE DOG, BEAR, AND HORSE.

The bear walks like a man, with his heel on the ground, and his hands are short and flat. The hands and feet of the dog are long and round, like his legs, but still one can see what they are. Those of the horse are so changed that they are commonly mistaken for parts of the legs. In the figure the joints and the nails are marked.

the great tendon of Achilles running up to the muscles of calf of the leg, with the bunch of little ankle-bones just below the joint. Evidently, then, what seems to be the lower portion of the cat's leg is really a long, slender foot, in which the bones between the instep and the toes are so closely set together that, when felt through the skin, they seem almost like a single one.

Puss, then, when she chases a mouse, runs on her toes and the balls of her feet, where the pads are; but when she sits up to wash her face after dinner, she puts down her heels.

knuckle where the digit joins the hand or the foot, and the "foot" is only a single thick finger or toe, with a great nail for a hoof.

The lower half of the horse's fore leg is really a gigantic hand with only the middle finger and a piece out of the middle of the palm, while the corresponding part of his hind leg is a big, single-toed foot. But the cow has two fingers on her hand—the third and fourth. So has the camel; while the pig and deer lack only the thumb, though the fore- and little fingers are much smaller than the other two, and do not usually touch the ground.



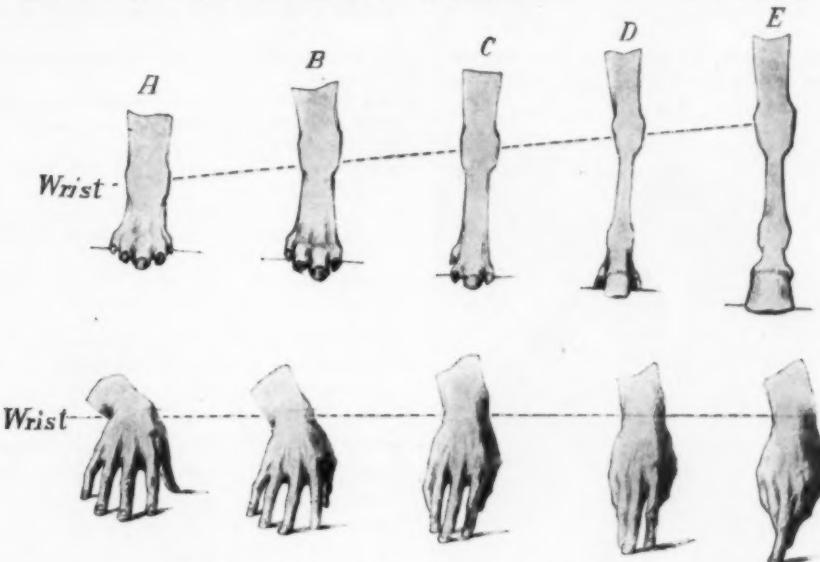
A MODEL OF THE LITTLE FOUR-TOED HORSE.

This is one of the earliest and smallest horses whose bones have been found. It was about the size of a fox terrier, which indeed it resembles strongly in the shape of its legs and feet.

One of the strange things about feet is that, although no quadruped has more than five toes, the creatures which have fewer always have some trace of the missing parts, as though a five-toed foot had been cut down and made over to fit them. This appears clearly in the horse. For at the side of each cannon-bone are two little useless "splint-bones," which are the remnants of the bones that, in other animals, carry the second and fourth toes. But the horse which lived just before the glacial period

had much larger splint-bones. These in turn were descended from still smaller horses, which lived at about the same time as the earliest men. Still earlier and smaller horses had three nearly equal toes; while the earliest horses thus far known, which were no larger than foxes, had four toes in front and three behind. These earliest forms had an ancestor with five toes which was not a horse, but a mixture of horse, cow, pig, deer, camel, tapir, and hippopotamus.

E. T. BREWSTER.



HOW THE HORSE CAME TO WALK ON HIS MIDDLE FINGER-NAIL.

A shows the dog-like forefoot of the original horse, with all five fingers. Below it is a man's hand in the same position. *B* is one of the earliest horses whose bones have been found. The hand is growing longer and the thumb has disappeared. In *C* the little finger no longer reaches the ground and the middle finger is becoming larger than the rest. In *D* the hand has become long and round and very horse-like, but the index- and ring-fingers still remain. Finally in *E* only the middle finger is left. The human hands below show how with each stage the wrist gets straighter as the digits are lost.

"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT"**USE OF CAT'S WHISKERS.**

NAALEHU, KAU, HAWAII.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me the use of cat's whiskers? I have heard that they help a cat to scent out a mouse. Your interested reader,
DOROTHEA WOLTERS (age 9).

They have no connection with the olfactory nerves, and are of no use as organs of smelling. They are supposed to act only as feelers, helping the cat in the dark, and especially when in a narrow place.

REMARKABLE EGG-CASES.

BADDOW, MARYBOROUGH, QUEENSLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The inclosed were found hanging on a tree in a garden about two years ago. They have been hanging up in my bedroom ever since. Will you please tell me something about them?

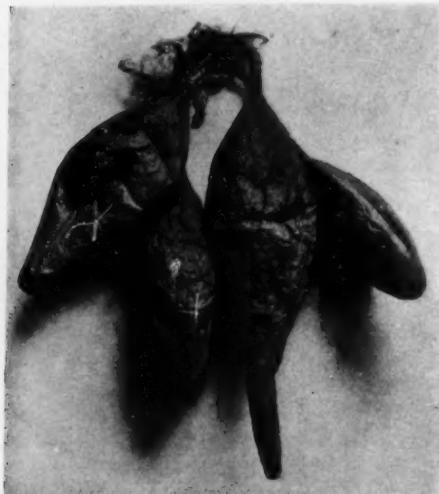
Yours sincerely,
HARRY E. ALDRIDGE.

The specimens you sent for identification are evidently the egg-cases of a certain species of spider.

WILLIAM BEUTENMULLER,

Curator Department of Entomology, American Museum of Natural History.

These cocoon-like egg-cases have interested me very much, and I am confident that they will also be of interest to Nature and Science



SILKY EGG-CASES OF A SPIDER.

young folks. The cases were from three to four inches in length, soft, silky, of dainty light-brown color.

DUCKS IN ICE-WATER.

ELGIN, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about some ducks that have aroused a great deal of curiosity among



THE HOODED MERGANSER.

the people around here. It has been a remarkably cold winter, and the river has been frozen over almost the whole time.

About a week ago two small ducks came down the river, and later two more followed them. It seems very curious how they can live in the cold weather; but they don't seem to mind it at all.

The ducks are a dull brown, with white patches on them. Sometimes they come almost under the bridge, and it is very interesting to watch them dive and then see them on the bottom. They root around the rocks for food, and then pop up again very quickly. I should think they would freeze in the cold, icy water, should n't you?

We watch them almost every day when we come from school. Some hunters said they were "saw-bills" or "fish-ducks."

I read the ST. NICHOLAS almost every month, and enjoy it very much.

Very truly yours,

MARGARET E. NEWMAN (AGE 14).

The young lady's observations are certainly very interesting, though it is rather difficult to determine from the description just what she actually may have seen.

I have agreed with myself that they in all likelihood were the female of the hooded merganser (*Lophodytes cucullatus*), which is a common winter resident on Lake Michigan. These ducks were undoubtedly forced down from the Fox Lake region—drained by the Fox River passing through Elgin—by the unusually severe winter weather, as those lakes must have frozen over solidly. I do not know the cause for open water in the river at Elgin.

B. T. GAULT.

A FISH'S SENSE OF PAIN.

WASHINGTON, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell me if it hurts a fish after it has been caught and the hook taken out of its mouth and thrown back into the water. Does the fish die soon?

I have often seen a small trout caught and thrown back into the brook again.

Your interested reader,

ROBERT E. NAUMBURG (age 13).

The fish is hurt some by having the hook taken out of its mouth, probably, for it struggles violently to get away. But the sense of pain in fishes is not nearly so acute as in human beings, and ordinary hook-wounds in the mouth are not serious. Small trout thrown back into the stream probably suffer only momentary discomfort. When the mouth is badly lacerated, the sore may be invaded by germs of fungus (which is a very common parasite of fishes), or the fish may be prevented from feeding freely, and will thus lose its vitality and more readily fall a prey to other fishes. Certainly it is cruel for us to catch them merely for the pleasure of success in fishing, and especially cruel if for "playing" with the struggling fish.

NOVEL "NATURAL HISTORY" BY TRICK PHOTOGRAPHS.

KALAMAZOO, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you these trick photographs of the "sea-serpent" and "web-footed boy," which were given to me by a very kind friend who is a great lover of children, hoping they may interest the young readers of the ST. NICHOLAS as much as they have me.

The boy with the web-feet has been out in the rain so much that he has become web-footed, and this great serpent was captured at Gull Lake, Michigan, July 16, 1905. As we all know a rail is twelve feet long, you can imagine the length of the serpent.

As I said before, these are trick photographs, and, if I must tell the truth, the serpent is only a



THE SO-CALLED "SEA-SERPENT."

Both photographs by J. D. Schell. Through the courtesy of
The Kalamazoo Evening Telegram.

small grass-snake laid on a miniature rail-fence. The photograph of the web-footed boy was taken in this way: paper "feet" were cut out and tied around the boy's ankles and then the photograph taken.

Your interested reader,

CAROLYN LOUISE WINDOES.

FEEDING SQUASHES, PUMPKINS, AND MELONS.

DUXBURY, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read some time ago that melons could be made sweeter by putting some part of the plant in a bottle of sugar and water. I have a patch of muskmelons and would like to try this. Could you tell me how it is done? I think I understand about it, only I don't know which part of the plant ought to be put in the bottle.

Yours sincerely,

GERALD SANDERSON.

For many years I have heard, personally and by many letters, of feeding pumpkins and squashes on milk, and melons on sweetened water; but, notwithstanding an extensive correspondence, articles of inquiry published in periodicals, and many personal inquiries, I have not yet found a person who has actually done the feeding with success. But I have found plenty of people who have heard of grandfather, grandmother, father, cousin, uncle, neighbor, "hired man,"—somebody, somewhere, doing it. But what troubles me is to find the "somebody," and ascertain the exact method. Will our young folks, and old folks, too, come to the aid of the editor of "Nature and Science" in this dilemma of feeding squashes, pumpkins, and melons on milk or sweetened water, and find the man, woman, or child who has actually done it?



"THE WEB-FOOTED BOY."



KENNETH S. HARRISON

"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY KENNETH HARRISON, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

Lacework on the window-pane—
Ferny bower and plumy shine:
February's here again,
And Jack Frost sends a Valentine.

We did not have the usual February subjects this year. We omitted valentines, and stories about Washington and Lincoln, for the reason that we have had something about valentines now and then before, and most of the stories about Washington and Lincoln have been told. We had a very large competition, nevertheless, and the Roll of Honor shows how many good contributions were received besides those selected for use.

Perhaps what most impressed the League editors this month was the number of members who in the prose competition on the subject, "Day-Dreams," revealed the fact that their heart's desire is to be a prize-winner in the St. Nicholas League. Of course we knew that to each striving member the winning of a gold or a silver badge was an earnest wish. But it has not been brought home to us so clearly before that perhaps the dearest hope and most fondly anticipated joy of a host of boys and girls throughout the land is the possession of one or more of those tokens of merit which we award from month to month in recognition of superior work. Realizing this somehow fills us with a sense of deeper responsibility, and the thought that we must be very, very careful, indeed, to award the prizes exactly where they should go—to consider and to reconsider well.

But that is a difficult task. It is not so hard to decide for Roll of Honor 2, but when we get to the next step, and begin to select, from a large heap of manuscripts or drawings, a very few for prizes and publication, when all of them are worth publishing and a great many are good enough for prizes, then the trouble begins. We should be more than human if we did not make mistakes sometimes. We can only be conscientious,

tions and as capable as we can, and if there are any members—we never hear of them, but perhaps there are a few—who think that they have not been fairly considered, then we can only ask that they feel as kindly toward us as possible, taking in the thought that one story or poem does not make an author, nor one picture an artist, and that if their stories or poems or pictures were really of a very high order of merit, they can do something just as good another time, and surely we will not continue so dull as not to recognize true genius, soon or late. For we mean to be fair and impartial and to encourage every sincere and striving soul, asking only fairness and consideration, and maybe a word of encouragement now and then, in return.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 74.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Jessica Nelson North** (age 14), Edgerton, Wis.
Gold badge, **Joan Hooker Packard** (age 14), Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Silver badges, **Helen Norris** (age 12), Glen Cove, L. I., and **Adelaide Nichols** (age 11), 280 Prospect Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Prose. Gold badges, **Mary Pemberton Nourse** (age 14), Casanova, Va., and **Elliot C. Bergen** (age 12), 350 Montrose Ave., South Orange, N. J.

Silver badges, **Elizabeth R. Hirsh** (age 13), 922 S. 48th St., Philadelphia, Pa.; **Ida C. Kline** (age 11), Bonvina, Miss.; and **Dorothy Jean Stewart** (age 9), 2235 Putnam St., Toledo, O.

Drawing. Gold badge, **Kenneth Harrison** (age 16), 1780 Lyndale Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Silver badges, **Claudia Paxton Old** (age 15), 509 High St., Portsmouth, Va., and **Alwyn Carlyle Brown Nicolson** (age 17), Bankside, Christ Church Rd., Hempstead, London, Eng.

Photography. Gold badge, **R. W. Williams** (age 15), Groton School, Groton, Mass.

Silver badges, **Walter White** (age 12), 23 Kineo St., Roxbury, Mass., and **J. W. Davie** (age 14), 19 Gordon St., Glasgow, Scotland.

Wild-animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Bittern," by **William Whitelock** (age 15), 1407 Continental Trust Bldg., Baltimore, Md. Second prize, "Chipmunk," by **L. P. Emerson** (age 17), Hackley Upper School, Tarrytown, N. Y. Third prize, "Young Blue Jay," by **Harold C. Egan** (age 14), 843 S. 5th St., Springfield, Mass.

Puzzle-making. February and March winners will both be announced in March.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Florence Lowenhaupt** (age 14), 151 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., and **May Richardson** (age 15), 1610 McCulloh St., Baltimore, Md.

Silver badges, **Mary Aurilla Jones** (age 13), 305 N. 64th Ave., Oak Park, Ill.; **Agnes Rutherford** (age 16), Hintonburgh, Ottawa, Can.; and **Helen Sherman Harlow** (age 13), 21 Middle St., Plymouth, Mass.

Subjects. (Best list.) Silver badges, **Katharine Morton**, 216 Homer St., Newton Centre, Mass., and **Elizabeth R. Marvin**, 20 Arnold Park, Rochester, N. Y. (For use this month and next.)

THE SUNKEN ISLAND.

BY JESSICA NELSON NORTH (AGE 14).

(*Cash Prize.*)

In the blue Atlantic Ocean,
So the legends used to say,
In days of old,
Where the waves with measured motion
Swell and settle, swing and sway,
Fold on fold,

Once there lay a lovely island
On whose shore the waves, in glee,
Long did leap.

Hill and valley, plain and highland,
Now have sunk beneath the sea —
Deep, ah, deep!

First into the lowest valleys
Spread that rising sheet of blue,
Slowly, slowly;
Till the high-built marble palace
Of the king was hid from view,
Sunken lowly.

Now, within that sunken palace
You may hear the mermaids sing,
If you listen;
And above those hills and valleys
Now the waters sway and swing,
Gleam and glisten !

DAY-DREAMS.

BY MARY PEMBERTON NOURSE (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

DAY-DREAMS are looked upon by some as airy nothings and a waste of time. But a writer with a clearer, truer insight has said: "Everything that we achieve is self-promised." And what are these "self-promises" if not day-dreams? And what is their realization but the noble achievement of a high ideal?

Those who have built up literature and science have dreamed—dreamed of the truths of history and science, and of life and nature, which they have made immortal by their burning words.

They have dreamed also of the success and recognition which they longed to have, but which often did not come until they were past the caring for it, happy in a higher recognition than can ever be attained on earth.

Spenser dreamed of the noble knights whom he made to live. His thoughts and his dreams were pure; and spurred on by his ambition, he wrote a book of hope and holiness. Shakspere, that noblest of English writers, began his dreaming young. His dreams were



"A HILLSIDE IN MONTANA." BY R. W. WILLIAMS, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

closely connected with nature, and his simple little home was peopled, for him, by the characters whom he afterward made immortal.

The boy dreamed; the man gave us the boy's dreams, enriched by a clearer knowledge of life.

Sir Walter Scott, inspired early by his mother's tales of the brave Scots, dreamed his dreams of noble things amidst the natural surroundings which he loved. From these he wrote his wonderful portrayals of life in all spheres, with a high aim and noble purpose.

Tennyson, less ambitious than the rest, in his quiet life dreamed of the truths of God, of the beauty of the world, and of the other higher thoughts that keep a man unstained. He dreamed, and left to us his dreams in the music of our language.

And were not the day-dreams of these great men a strength to them in their disappointments, a joy when all seemed hollow and ungrateful?

All of us have the power of thought. Our thoughts are our own, to make pure or otherwise.

The coming ages are ours, to make better or worse than those before. And may they be better than any that have yet dawned! May each life be enriched by the realization of some great dream that may make the world more noble!



"A HILLSIDE." BY ROLAND F. CARR, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

And so they wake with lovely tales
Of what they've dreamt all night,
When snuggled in her sheltering arms,
All safe from harm and fright.

MY DAY-DREAM.

BY ELLIOT C. BERGEN (AGE 12).

(Gold Badge.)

"CLEAR for action!" ordered the captain; "they're upon us!" Our ship was a small, unprotected cruiser, having one roundtop on the forecastle. We were trying to escape from two torpedo-boats which had been sent after us. It was now beyond a possibility of escape, and our brave captain was determined to hold out to the last. Our ship mounted fifteen guns, the largest being two six-inch rifles.

Suddenly we heard a roar, and a small shell exploded near us. We looked out into the gloom, for it was night, and perceived the two boats close by. I ran my eye along the barrel of a one-pounder rapid-fire gun which had been loaded, and fired. The bullet went through a funnel on the foremost boat. The two boats now opened on us with all their guns, and soon I heard a whir above me, and a large piece of cloth fell over my head. I pulled it off, and saw that it was our flag. I immediately tied it loosely around my neck, and commenced to ascend the shrouds. "Where are you going?" shouted the captain. "The flag fell, and I am going to put it on the mast again," I replied. When I reached



"A HILLSIDE." BY J. W. DAVIE, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE ISLAND OF DREAMS.

BY JOAN HOOKER PACKARD (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

THERE is an island far away
Where I should love to go,—
The Isle of Dreams,—the road to it
All little babies know.

It lies within the Lake of Sleep,
So pretty, soft, and green;
A tiny boat runs to and fro,
Steered by the Slumber Queen.

And on this isle a lady dwells—
Sweet Lady of Repose;
And every day with poppy-seeds
Her garden green she sows.

So when the babies come at night,
Each one may pick the flowers;
And from the poppy-beds she shakes
Sweet little dreams in showers.



"A HILLSIDE." BY WALTER WHITE, AGE 12.



"BITTERN." BY WILLIAM WHITELOCK, AGE 15. (FIRST PRIZE,
"WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

the roundtop, I stopped long enough to shoot the gun there at the enemy. With much difficulty I made my way to the top of the mast,—for the shrouds extended only to the roundtop,—and fixed the flag in its place. At that moment a shell burst near me, and then another and another. I had been discovered, and was a fine target for the enemy. I slid quickly down to the roundtop again, loaded the gun there, and killed two men on the enemy's boats,—at least, I thought they were killed. Our ship was in a battered and sinking condition, but the enemy was in a worse condition; for, as far as we could tell, every gun was dismounted. In five minutes more the torpedo-boats surrendered. I was afterward promoted to the rank of second lieutenant.

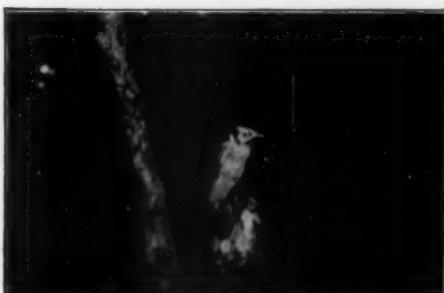
This is my day-dream.

FAIRY ISLANDS.

BY HELEN NORRIS (AGE 12).
(Silver Badge.)

THERE is a group of islands
Far out in the deep blue sea;
I've hunted for them far and wide,
But they are hid from me.

For all the fairies dwell there,
And every moonlight night



"YOUNG BLUE JAY." BY HAROLD C. EGAN, AGE 24. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

They dance upon the fairy green—
It is a pretty sight.

Their beds are made of mosses,
Their tables mushrooms small;
The food they eat is honey sweet
From the sweetest flowers of all.

And if you ever find them,
Just whisper it to me—
That little group of islands
Far out in the deep blue sea.

MY DAY-DREAM.

BY DOROTHY JEAN STEWART (AGE 9).
(Silver Badge.)

ONE day, as I sat with my book of fairy-stories upon my lap, the warm glow of the sun and the wash of the waves set me dreaming, and I drifted into fairy-land. There I saw a little girl lying on the grass. Pretty soon a frog came along and asked the way to Cedar Point. The little girl, whose name was Dorothy, said that her mother could tell him; and the frog asked, "Where can I find your mama?" and she replied, "She is sitting over near the house, among the flowers." "All right," said the frog, and hopped off as happy as could



"CHIPMUNK." BY L. P. EMERSON, AGE 17. (SECOND PRIZE,
"WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

be. When he found Dorothy's mama he said, "Can you tell me the way to Cedar Point?" When she told him the way to go, he went merrily on his way.

Then Dorothy's mama called her to her and said, "Dorothy, I want to know who sent that frog to me?" and Dorothy said, "I did, mama." "All right, dearie; I only wondered where he came from, he seemed so queer," her mama said as she returned to her work. Dorothy returned to her book.

Pretty soon the frog returned and said to Dorothy, "May I stay here with you for a while?" and Dorothy and her mama told him he would be welcome. As the weather was a little cool in the evening, they had a cozy fire in the grate. When they were seated around the fire the frog said, "Cover me over with ashes," and Dorothy did so; and when he shook the ashes from him he was a little boy. Dorothy and her mother were greatly surprised, for it was Johnny Secore. My book dropped from my lap, my dream was over, and there beside me stood the real Johnny Secore, laughing at me.



"MY FAVORITE STUDY." BY WINIFRED B. WARREN, AGE 17.
(GOLD BADGE.)

A DAY-DREAM.

BY ANNE EUNICE MOFFETT (AGE 5).

ONCE upon a time there was a lovely garden, with a tree in the middle, and goldenrod, pansies, roses, buttercups, chrysanthemums, and forget-me-nots. The little girl who belonged to these flowers liked these flowers, but the naughty little girl saw the flowers and said to herself: "I'm going to pick those flowers and throw them away. I hate those horrid flowers." But they were really very lovely and sweet. The birds heard her. The good little girl did n't hear her at all. That night she came with a saw and a hammer and scissors, but the birds made a cover all over the flowers, like good little birds. It was very hard work to do it, too. In the morning they lifted it off.

The mother came out. "You must water your flowers, and then we'll have to go to the country," she said.

THE BLEAK ISLAND.

BY ADELAIDE NICHOLS (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

FAR away o'er the dancing sea
Is an island bleak and lone;
The fierce waves beat upon its shores
And the winds around it moan.

A lonely tower is on this isle,
And through the dark, wild night,
When the sailors toss on the roaring deep,
From its summit gleams a light.

Now some one must live on that lonely isle,
To light the beacon each night;
For every evening when I look out
It is guiding the ships aright.

What can life be in that lonely place,
In that tower strong and high,
With naught but the sea and the wind for
friends,
And the gray, unchanging sky?

Is there a fire upon the hearth,
And a soft and cozy chair?
There is surely no friend in whom to confide
Each sorrow and trouble and care.

But perhaps each night, as the light is lit
By this man so true and kind,
He remembers what help to the sailors he gives,
And in that doth comfort find.

MY DAY-DREAM.

BY IDA C. KLINE (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

To dream of the future, I go to a secluded woodland spot where a stately oak-tree warms its branches in the golden sunlight. A mocking-bird welcomes me with a melodious song, and showers of autumn leaves are wafted about by the sweet breath of evening.

On the distant horizon a misty, opal-tinted haze spreads itself before my mental vision. I see a ladder of many rounds, up which I am climbing, and high up in the clouds I see the Temple of Fame. I have passed over the bridge of years and at last have reached my goal. For I have written sweet stories like Mrs. Dodge and Miss Alcott. Thousands of children thrill with delight when reading my books. My mother's and father's hearts overflow with pride when they hear I am a great authoress.

I have been able, with the money received for my books, to give my brother and sister a good education. He is a famous lawyer, and she a great musician. I have given money to the helpless orphans and helped so many poor and needy that I close my eyes in an ecstasy of delight.

When I open them again night has drawn a starry curtain, and I find the lovely vision was only my day-dream.

THE ISLAND.

BY STELLA BENSON (AGE 13).

(Honor Member.)

THERE was an island in the sea,
As lovely as an isle could be;
Fertile it was in every way,
With palmy beach and sandy bay;
But in the middle, dark and gray,



"MY FAVORITE STUDY." BY CLAUDIA PAXTON OLD, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY HARRY LEGG,
FOLD, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

A great volcano,
drear and high,
Reared up its summit to
the sky.

The people thought its crater
dead:

"There is no danger," so they said;
Thus in the valley far below
A little town began to grow,
Sheltered from all the winds that blow
By that great mountain, dark and gray,
Upon the island far away.

But suddenly, from underground,
The people heard a thund'rous sound,
And from the crater overhead
Burst flames and lava, fiery red—

The mountain giant
was not dead!

* * *
And when the sun shone forth
anon
The lovely island-town was gone.

MY DAY-DREAM.

BY ELIZABETH WILCOX FARDEE (AGE 16).

SOMETIMES, when I sit by the fire at twilight on a dreary December day, I indulge in day-dreaming. Another time when my thoughts wander toward the future is when I swing idly to and fro in a hammock under the trees, in lovely summer weather, the kind of day of which Lowell thought when he wrote:

"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days."

When the sky is a beautiful deep blue, with fluffy white clouds scattered in billowy masses over its surface, and the gentle zephyrs ruffle the leaves in the tree-tops, then I am in dreamy mood.

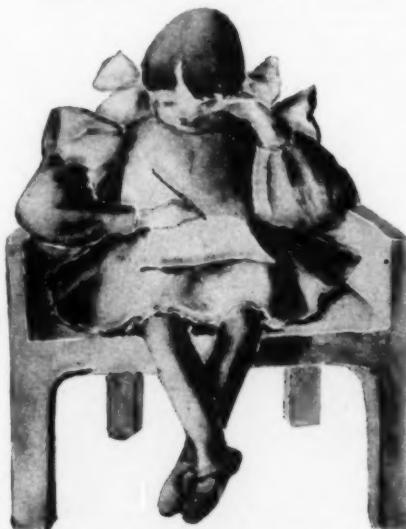
I ponder on what my future will be, whether I will be insignificant and unknown, or noted and admired at home and abroad for some great work I have accomplished.

First my thoughts dwell on art, and I long to be a great artist and be able to portray on canvas the beauties of nature. As I think of the beautiful paintings which artists of the past have left as their legacy to the world, I soon dismiss this dream as being far too lofty for attainment by one who possesses so little talent as I.

Then I dream of being a great musician. How inspiring it would be to move thousands by one's own exquisite music!

This, too, is soon rejected, and, finally, my thoughts turn to the most possible day-dream, and probably the one I desire most of all,—to be an authoress.

Oh! the wonderful productions that have been penned by great authors of all ages! Masterpieces of literature which are beautiful or thrilling, humorous or pathetic, have been bequeathed to us; and these works, having lived through the ages, will continue to live to the end of time. As I think of the awe and reverence with which most people are wont to regard these masters, it delights me to dream of the satisfaction I would feel in being counted among them.



"MY FAVORITE STUDY." BY ALWYN CARLISLE BROWN NICOLSON, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY WILLIAM C. ENGLE, AGE 13.

LONG ISLAND.

BY HELEN ELIZABETH SECKERSON (AGE 9).

I LIVE upon Long Island;
It is long the whole year round;
And right beside this island
There is Long Island Sound.

Long Island 's a very nice place, I think,
Though some do not think it so nice;
And in winter the Sound is frozen over
With very hard, thick ice.

The reason it 's called Long Island
Is because it is so long;
And now I 've nothing more to tell,
So I will end my song.

MY DAY-DREAM.

BY ELIZABETH SWIFT BRENGLE (AGE 13).

IT was a chill November day. The snowflakes hurried down, behind them came the wind "Keewaydin," and with that there came a dream.

Thus it was.

Long years ago, in the hills of North Dakota there lived a mighty chieftain by the name of Matawon, with his wife, "The Wild Rose of the Prairies." Their two elder sons had long been heroes on the war-path, but their little brother, too young to hunt or fight, was living in the wigwam of his father.

Many happy days he spent there, till one dark autumn night the dreaded Indian fever entered.

Five short days went by; then Matawon, with his Wild Rose of the Prairies, took the trail which leads

"To the islands of the blessed,
To the land of the Hereafter!"

Then the young son of that mighty chieftain sought the wigwam of his brothers. He entered.

They motioned him to a corner of the wigwam, and gave him a wolf-skin robe to lie upon. He shivered. It was bitter cold, and he wondered why—oh, why!—the Great Spirit of his fathers had turned his face away.

When morning dawned he was given a bit of uncooked meat and left to shift for himself.

Thus many weary days dragged by, and at last his brothers neglected him entirely and left him to get his food as best he could. How he was to get it they neither knew nor cared.

At first it was n't very hard to dig the different roots and berries, but as winter advanced upon the northland

and froze the soil, it took him longer each day to get the needed food.

One day, as the twilight fell, his eldest brother was returning from his hunting in the forest, when he heard a child's voice singing. He stopped to listen, and he heard these words:

"The forest wolves more kind I see
Than you, my brothers, are to me."

He followed up the voice to the edge of a thicket, and there beheld a strange form, half wolf, half human.

His heart was touched with pity, and he cried: "Oh! younger brother, wait!" but the transformation was completed before his eyes, and with a long-drawn howl a young wolf vanished into the darkening woods.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS.

BY MARGARET ABBOTT (AGE 16).

(*Honor Member.*)

OH, come at dusk to the wide sea-shore,
And look to the west with me:
I 'll show you there the Fairy Isles
That lie in the Sunset Sea.

Those magic islands are wondrous fair :
They are colored gorgeously
With crimson and gold and lavender,
In the midst of the Sunset Sea.

They never are still, but float as they will
Past mountain and meadow and lea;
They change as they go, and are drawn to and fro
By the tide of the Sunset Sea.

Did you never see in those islands fair
A castle or mountain or tree?
They are all the work of the Sun Elves there,
That flit o'er the Sunset Sea.



"MY FAVORITE STUDY." BY MARGARET A. DOBSON, AGE 17.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

Ah, I would I could go to those Fairy Isles,
With the elves forever to be;
But no mortal can cross the magic bridge
That spans the Sunset Sea.

For the Sun makes a bridge with his golden beams,
And the lord of this land is he:
The tinted clouds are the Fairy Isles,
And the sky is the Sunset Sea.

MY DAY-DREAM.

BY FRANCES P. GORDON (AGE 13).

THE days are cold and dreary now; yes, so cold that sometimes for weeks I hardly get out, except for a little walk around our square and back. So I have time now to read, time to think, and, above all things, time to dream. Often in the afternoons, when I have finished my lessons, I snuggle up in the soft, silky pillows on the little couch in my room and close my eyes and dream. Oh, the joy of it! The perfect bliss is too hard to explain. I dream of the future, and the present, and all sorts of things; but my principal thoughts, the main thing I dream of, is the past—the dear, dear old past, when I was in my old home with my chum and boon companion.

I dream of the happy times we had in that dear little school together, of all the mischief and trouble we got into, and of the fun we had after school when we first learned to skate on the ice, and how she—my bosom friend—fell in. I remember, too, how we first learned to swim in that same little lake, and the races we had after. And then I dream of the many times that we would climb the apple- and pear-trees to gather their rosy fruit, and how the farmers would chase us. And then how we would go chestnutting in the woods near by, and bring our hats and pockets home full of them to roast; and then, oh! how eagerly we would watch them pop, and how we would go sleighing on a crispy night! Ah, those indeed were good old days! But we are parted now; she has gone abroad, and I have moved from that neighborhood, so my pleasantest hours now are in dreaming of her.

MY ISLAND.

BY ISADORE DOUGLAS (AGE 17).

(Honor Member.)

The tall ships come and go in the bay,
And they bring rich cargoes from far away;
But there's no chart tells where my island may be—
My Island of Dreams in the Unknown Sea

My island lies to the west of the world,
Where the winds come to rest with their great wings
furled;
And its dim cliffs loom like a cloud on the sky,
Or the glimmer of wings as a gull goes by.

My island lies past the sunset bars,
Where the still sea cradles the sleepy stars;
And it gleams itself through the trailing mist,
Like a star in a sea of amethyst.

And some day a ship will come, I know,—
A silver ship, with the sunset glow
On her dim white sails,—and she'll carry me
Far to the west, to my own country,
To my Island of Dreams in the Unknown Sea.

MY DAY-DREAM.

BY EDNA MORTON HATCH (AGE 15).

ONE autumn afternoon I went to the Public Library with the firm intention of looking up something about Shakspere for my English lesson. But alas for my firm intentions! There on the table lay the latest copy of ST. NICHOLAS.

"I'll just look at this a minute," I said as I sat down. Of course I read the League department first,



"MY FAVORITE STUDY." BY HOWARD JOHNSTON, AGE 17.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

then the contests for next time, and then the body of the magazine.

After reading the contests I thought despairingly, "Why, I never have day-dreams—or night-dreams, either, for that matter."

Leaning my chin on my hands, I looked thoughtfully out of the window. The leaves had nearly all fallen from the trees, so I had a splendid view of the sunset.

"There's a day-dream, or rather a dream o' day, out there," said I to myself. "That brilliant pink strip is a public highway in some fairyland, and where it deepens into orange the street is paved gold. Some of those larger clouds are castles, and that dainty little cloud is some fairy lady going out for a walk. See how she floats along! Over there must be a park, for the clouds are shaped somewhat like trees."

The sun sank lower and the gold of the highway vanished. Large purple clouds formed and lazily floated over the sky. I could still see the little park. But misfortune hovered near. One of the larger clouds (one that looked like a face with the mouth open) approached the park and threatened to swallow it up, lady and all. I was so interested in this sky scene that it was several minutes before I heard the attendant say, "Very sorry to disturb you, but it is closing-up time."

Gathering together my books, I went from the library home. I had neither seen the fate of the sky-lady nor found anything about Shakspere, but I had League stories.

"A HEADING
FOR
FEBRUARY."



BY EDW. L.
KASTLER, AGE
17. (HONOR
MEMBER.)

THE ISLAND OF AMBITION.
BY MARGARET STUART BROWN (AGE 15).
(Honor Member.)

THERE is an island, far athwart the West,
Low in wide waters fringed with sullen foam:
It is the place where, on the highest hill,
Ambition has her home.

She stands upon the summit of the rock,
And watches how the whirling sea-birds fly
Across the meadows which the irises
Have striped with Tyrian dye.

She calls across the waves, and many hear,
Who, with wild longing, start in fragile skiffs—
Alas! how often beaten by the storm
And shattered on the cliffs!

A few there are who reach this distant isle,
After long years of hopelessness and pain,
And sometimes wish, when on the shore they stand,
They might sail back again.

Heartache of failure, heartache of success,—
Are they not often very much alike?
For round Ambition's garden many a heart
Bleeds on a golden spike.

For those you love, pray that they will not long
To leave you and to seek that distant shore;
For, once Ambition's servants, from her realm
They can return no more.

MY DAY-DREAM.

BY HARRIETTE K. PEASE (AGE 17).

IT was a chilly October evening, and my chum Marge and myself lay on the hearth-rug, telling each other stories of what we saw in the fire; but the fire finally died down so low that subjects for stories ran out, and Marge said, "Now, Kit, tell me one of your day-dreams, and then I'll tell you one of mine." So I began:

"I am a beautiful, beautiful princess, and I live in a magnificent castle called—let me see—Standish Court, I guess. I have a lady to wait on me, and every time I go into the village all the people wish to have me touch them, as they believe I have the power to make them fascinating, being so fascinating myself."

"One day I get lost in the woods and a peasant-boy finds me and takes me back to the castle, where he is rewarded by a purse of a thousand pounds. He comes to the castle frequently with game. One day my father happens to say the name Ethelred, and this boy starts and grows white; father notices this, and begins to ask him what made him start so and grow white. This inquiry is the commencement of a series of questions whose answers finally reveal the startling fact that this boy is the son of a great lord—and when I grow up I marry him."

Then Marge began: "My dream is—" just then mama came in and said it was time for us to be in bed; so Marge had to put off telling her day-dream until some other time.

THE DREAMLAND ISLAND.

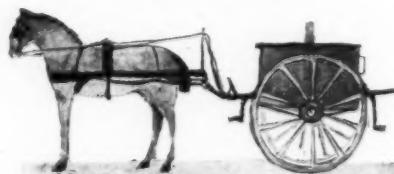
BY ELEANOR R. CHAPIN (AGE 13).

(Honor Member.)

WHEN all around is dark and still,
And you are tucked in bed;
When mother's turned the lamp-light low,
And bedtime story read,
Then up and softly, softly creep—
A journey is ahead.

The moon-path is the only way,
And that is strong and true;
The silver gates are large and firm,
But they will let you through
Into the wondrous land beyond,
Where pleasures wait for you.

And this is yours, your Dreamland Isle,
Where there is naught but play
In meadows green, and glist'ning sands,
And piles of new-mown hay;
While merry children flock about
With laughter sweet and gay.



"MY FAVORITE STUDY." BY DORA GREY, AGE 11.

The clock strikes six! Oh, quickly speed
The silvery moon-path o'er,
And climb into your little bed
To cozy down once more.
You close your eyes, then start and wake—
'T is mother at the door.

OUR ISLAND.

BY DORIS HALMAN (AGE 10).

We were rowing to our secret isle
That Bob and I had found;
We then used to consider it
As valuable ground.

'T was small and green, a graceful elm
Shadowed the mossy bank;
And then there was a little spring
Where oftentimes we drank.

Under that elm we used to lie
And listen to the surf;
And then we played "wild Indians"
Along the grass-grown turf.

And always when we landed there,
We gave a shout for joy;
Then played we were some pirates bold,
Not merely girl and boy.

A LULLABY.

BY HANNAH C. EGELSTON (AGE 16).

THE sandman is coming, coming, coming;
Slowly, but surely, he's coming along;
Softly he's humming, humming, humming,
To put you to sleep with his cradle-song.

Then he will lift you, lift you, lift you
In his arms as light as a thistleblow;
And then he will drift you, drift you, drift you
In his boat to the island where dreamlets grow.

There he will shake you, shake you, shake you
A wee, pretty dream from the golden tree;
Then he will take you, take you, take you,
And carry you safely back to me.

TO AN UNINHABITED ISLAND.

BY HILDA B. MORRIS (AGE 17).

(Honor Member.)

YOU lie apart, cut off from all the lands;
Gray ocean laps your shore on every side;
The sun and moon shine on your gleaming sands;
Afar, perchance, lone, wandering vessels ride.
Can these, and the far-traveling winds that blow,
Tell all that you have ever longed to hear
Of distant countries, where the same tides flow,
Where all the seasons live and die each year?

Why are you exiled from the rest of earth?
Were you held sacred in the ancient lore,
As some fair virgin goddess' place of birth,
That must be undefiled by death and war?
Or were you punished for the sin of pride?
Did you boast loudly of your tiny hills,
The pleasant meadows on their sheltered side,
Made verdant by your noisy, singing rills?

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You lie apart, no man inhabits here,
No lofty buildings hide you from the sky;
To you the stars seem nearer and more clear;
At dusk the ocean sings your lullaby.
Above night's starry banner is unfurled,—
The stars' bright rays and sea's dark depths hold
more
Of heaven's secrets than the whole wide world;
What have they whispered to your lonely shore?

LEAGUE NOTES, ETC.

We have been obliged to discontinue the Souvenir Postal Exchange feature, for the reason that some careless members failed to exchange with a good many of those who sent cards. One member writes that she did not receive half as many cards as she sent, and there were other complaints. We cannot afford to have a feature in the League, be it ever so popular, which may result in dissatisfaction among our members.

Chapter 847 writes that they gave the play "Snow White" at the request of the high-school principal of Jefferson, Wisconsin, and



"MY FAVORITE STUDY." BY KATHARINE DULCEBELLA BARBOUR, AGE 9.

were paid for playing it. They could spend the money profitably for books, thus beginning a chapter library.

The secretary of No. 867 wants a name for that chapter. She also wishes to know if one receives anything for being an Honor Member. Yes, one receives honor. The words Honor Member, as we have often explained, mean that the member entitled to use them has already received something — i. e., a gold badge or a cash prize.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 860. "Blue Violet." Zara Richardson, President; Ruth Pritchard, Secretary; six members. Address, 201 W. King St., Franklin, Ind.

No. 861. "Vanostrand Jolly Five." Alfred Germann, President; five members. Address, 418 Ocean Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

No. 862. Elizabeth T. Harned, President; Victoria Searle, Secretary; fourteen members. Address, 3801 Powelton Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 863. "Four Lakes Chapter." Sumner Slichter, President; Tatnall Edsall, Secretary; five members. Address, 524 N. Henry St., Madison, Wis.

No. 864. Halfred Hackley, Secretary; fifteen members. Address, 3023 G St., Sacramento, Cal.

No. 865. "The Saturday Journal." Josephine Halloway, President; Dorothy Cathell, Secretary; four members. Address, 1012 Maple Ave., Merchantville, N. J.

No. 866. H. Brown, President; J. Boudwin, Secretary; six members. Address, Girard College, Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 867. Gail Gorham, President; Marie Stuart, Secretary; fourteen members. Address, 118 Green St., Marshall, Mich.

No. 868. Emily Cale, President; Jeannette Fuqua, Secretary. Address, 27 Lenox Place, St. Louis, Mo.

No. 869. "Little Women Club." Ida Kline, Secretary; six members. Address, Bovina, Miss.

Florence R. T. Smith Dorothy Eaton
Helen Walker Celeste Young

Jeanne Demeter Jeanne Chase
Marjorie Chase

Anita Brown William Peles
William Peles

Sybil Emerson Laurance B. Siegfried
Laurance B. Siegfried

Katherine B. Decker Ruth Silver
Ruth Silver

Charles R. Peters, Jr. Charles R. Peters, Jr.
Edith M. Clement

Emily L. Cale George E. Washburn
George E. Washburn

Grace Cuter Stone Josephine Holloway
Josephine Holloway

Anna A. Flichtner Anna A. Flichtner
Edgar R. Payson

Mary McCain Mabel W. Whiteley
Mabel W. Whiteley

E. Marguerite Routledge Marie Seton
Marie Seton

Edith Hutchinson Esther C. Tiffany
Esther C. Tiffany

Vera Marie Demens Carol F. Spratt
Carol F. Spratt

Frances Ward Ruth A. Woodward
Ruth A. Woodward

Ruth Parshall Brown Nellie G. P. Price
Nellie G. P. Price

George Washington Olive Mary Simpson
Olive Mary Simpson

Muriel Emma Halstead Cecile Moore
Cecile Moore

Elizabeth Eckel Lily Eckstein
Lily Eckstein

Dorothy Hamilton Katherine Mary
Katherine Mary

Keseler Elinor Clark
Elinor Clark

Howard Buse Emily Thomas
Emily Thomas

Mary Lloyd Josephine Sturgis
Josephine Sturgis

Elmer E. Silver, Jr. James L. Frise
James L. Frise

Helen Clark Grace F. Slack
Grace F. Slack

Hall Funke Mary Edmunds
Mary Edmunds

Frances Burt Frank Sohn
Frank Sohn

Robert Halstead M. Ward
M. Ward

Elliott M. Kahn Elliott M. Kahn
Mabel Colgate

Morris A. Copeland Armbald MacKinnon
Armbald MacKinnon

Margaret Grace Lowe Carl B. Timberlake
Carl B. Timberlake

Dorothy Hobart Reginald C. Foster
Reginald C. Foster

Hilda M. Highens Beth May
Beth May

Anneli Howell Genevieve A. Ledgers
Genevieve A. Ledgers

Ida F. Parfitt wood
wood

Marian Walter Raymond Rohn
Raymond Rohn

Amy Owen Bradley Ruth Culver
Ruth Culver

Webb Melvin Siemers Mildred Willard
Mildred Willard

Isabel M. Scott Elizabeth Schwartz
Elizabeth Schwartz

Katharine C. Miller Esther G. Parker
Esther G. Parker

Margaret Lighthall Elizabeth L. Curtis
Elizabeth L. Curtis

Charles A. Donelan Stasio Aroy
Stasio Aroy

Helen M. Adams Agnes Menary
Agnes Menary

Helen Townsend Alma W. Ward
Alma W. Ward

Christine Stanley Katharine Duer
Katharine Duer

James Watkins Irving E. Aird
Irving E. Aird

Marion S. Ackerman Esther B. Stenbuck
Esther B. Stenbuck

Jr. Joseph B. Stenbuck
Joseph B. Stenbuck

Arthur H. Washburn William Allen Putnam,
Jr.

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Katharine E. Pratt
Hilliard Comstock

Kate S. Tillett
William Fleming

F. W. Foster
Alice S. Willis

Florence Doyle
H. R. Carey

Gladys S. Bean
Helen Walcott

John Butler Jessup
Howard John Hill

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Carl C. Glick
Elsie Wormser

Christine McCordic
Ferdinand W. Haas

Amy Eliot Mayo
Clara Roulstone

Williamian
Mariam Greir Bartol

Dudley Wall
J. Parsons Greenleaf

Sidney S. Morris
Dudley Wallace

Aria B. Stevens
Natalie Ott

Rosemary Baker
Lucy Marcel

Margaret P. Ivins
Frances Paine

Katharine Mitchell
Howard L. Seaman

Mary R. Paul
Helen Purfit

Cora West
J. E. Fisher

H. Ernest Bell
Gertrude D. Wood

James P. Cahen, Jr.
Katherine Robinson

Armbald Helen Page
Frank Graydon

Marjorie Crabb
Henry S. Kircher-

ger

Dorothy Arnold
Arthur N. Reed

Bettine Paddock
Margaret Davis

Roger W. Sterne
Mary E. Spear

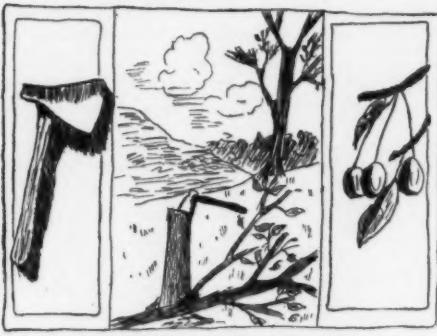
Lawrence Winn
Lewis Rosenbaum

Charles T. Olcott
Susan J. Appleton

F. Foster
W. Earle Fisher

William Allen Putnam,
Jr.

Carl Stearns
Marjorie Carpenter



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY FLORA SHEEN, AGE 10.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Olive Mudie-Cooke E. Vincent Millay Miriam C. Alexander
Elliot Quincy Adams Alice Blaine Damrosch Eleanor Selden
Helen Josephine Esther Galbraith Alice Liebthy
Hunter Marie Armstrong Buford Brice H. Louise Mick
Elizabeth Morrison Theresa R. Robbins Adele Sidney Burleson
Marguerite Hunt Constance Hyde Smith
Lucile Delight Wood- Ruth F. Rose Inalls
ing Rose Haxall Corona Williams Gladys Alison
Phyllis Sargent Julia S. Clopton Helen Schmidt
Marguerite Radley Helen Coolidge Ruth Alice Russell
Elizabeth Toof Lucia Warden Dorothy W. Barney
Katharine McKelvey Herbert Dean Edith Bacon
Thoda Cockroft Gladys Müller Jeannette Westbrook
Edna Holroyd Esther Lindner Sanford
Maud Dudley Shackelford Josephine Freund Allen Frank Brewer
Primrose Lawrence Eleanor Johnson Helen Wise
Gertrude T. Nichols Harper Geneva R. Wood
Aileen Hyland Isabel Westcott Frances Basner
Aileen Barlow Helga M. Stanfield Sarah Brown
Inez Overall Mildred H. Cook
Walter Otey Mc- Marjorie Lane
Clelian Carolyn Houston Ruth Dickinson
Gladys M. Manchester Alice Cone Mary Patience Parker
Alice Goodhue
Bernard F. Trotter Helen Schoeneck Margaret E. Everett
Maude H. Brisse Lucia Raymond Byrne Flora A. S. Thayer
Nannie Clarke Barr Horace G. Stewart Isabel Coolidge
Miriam Allen Deford Blanche Lemming Albert L. Rabb
Julia DeWindt Snow Ruth L. Northup Lorraine Grimm
Corinne Benoit Reginald A. Utley Ottlie Schmucker
Winona Montgomery Abigail E. Jenner Marian Feustman
Anna Evelthe Holman Helen Belknap Albert Sachs
Dorothea Bechtel Marion A. Rubican Linda Thomas
Herman Heinz Elaine Sterné Marie A. Pierson
Maude W. Fowler Laura F. Lacy Beatrice M. Burt
Gretchen Pease Margaret Owen Flager
Margaret Smith Margaret A. Pierson
Eleanor M. Hobbs Margaretta W. Hobart Mitchel Noxon
Helen Walcott Gretchen Pease

VERSE 2.

Florence Hanawalt Walter Otey Mc-
Mary Elizabeth Mai Clelian
Conrad Elwin Snow Carolyn Houston Gladys M. Manchester
Elizabeth A. Steer Ellen E. Williams Alice Cone
Margaret B. Smith Irene J. Graham Helen Schoeneck
Virginia S. Coit Irene L. Graham Helen Everet Bye
Margaret Kennedy Louis F. Spear Alice Nahaolelu
Louise F. Spear Almeda McGraham Helen Schoeneck
Bernard F. Trotter Maude H. Brisse Lucia Raymond Byrne
Maude H. Brisse Nannie Clarke Barr Horace G. Stewart
Miriam Allen Deford Julia DeWindt Snow Blanche Lemming
Julia DeWindt Snow Ruth L. Northup Lorraine Grimm
Corinne Benoit Reginald A. Utley Ottlie Schmucker
Winona Montgomery Abigail E. Jenner Margaret Smith
Anna Evelthe Holman Helen Belknap Eleanor M. Hobbs
Dorothea Bechtel Marion A. Rubican Margaretta W. Hobart
Herman Heinz Elaine Sterné Mitchel Noxon
Maude W. Fowler Laura F. Lacy Gretchen Pease

VERSE 3.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My highest ambition is to win the gold badge awarded for the best stories or poems. I think there never was or never will be any magazine one half so good as the ST. NICHOLAS, and I shall always take it if I can.

Would it be all right for a story written by one person and illustrated by another to be sent in if only one name was signed; and if it deserved a prize, the prize could be sent to that person and the two might share it? If you are busy, don't hurry about replying.

Please, always keep up the League. I like it better than any other part of the whole interesting magazine, and always read every article printed, whether story or poem.

Yours truly,
KATHARINE NORTON.

Answer to query: A story written by one person and illustrated by another could not compete.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was so happy when I found that my picture was among the League pages, and then I was just as happy when my badge came. Thank you, many times!

Here on the plantation we are harvesting peanuts and ginning cotton. The harvest season is an interesting time. The year is

WILMINGTON, N. C.

trying to renew his youth out in the woods, for the honeysuckles are blooming again and there are blossoms on the yellow jessamine where it trails along the fences.

But the holly berries are red and the mistletoe berries are white, so he has not forgotten that Christmas will soon be here.

Devotedly,
ALICE J. SAWYER.

MILTON, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When my first picture was published, in June, 1903, you became to me one of my most precious possessions. If treasured then, more than ever valued now, since your last number has brought me the news of the success of my October Heading. I would give much to be able to express my gratitude to you for the three prizes you have given me, for your continuous encouragement, and, most of all, for the awakening and development of a dormant ambition. In departing from the League, which I do with deepest regret, I can only express the wish that you may give to others in the future the great happiness you have afforded me in the past.

Most faithfully yours,
ROBERT E. JONES.

INDEPENDENCE, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When one of my schoolmates offered congratulations to me, the other day, I was very much surprised and could not think what I had done to merit them. She told me that I had won the gold badge, and I hurried to the office, found my St. NICHOLAS there, and lost no time in seeing if my name was really among the prize-winners. Yes, there it was; but I read it again and again before I could believe it. I could only smile to myself while I was on the street; but as soon as I reached home — well, mama says she is glad I do not win a prize every day.

The badge is very beautiful, and every time I look at it it spurs me on to greater efforts.

I have had the ST. NICHOLAS for over three years, and I think each number more interesting than the last. I am especially interested in the League.

Thanking you for the kind encouragement you have given me by printing my name on the Roll of Honor several times, and for the beautiful badge, I am,

Your affectionate reader,
MARGARET GRIFFITH.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Thank you so much for the very beautiful gold badge which you sent me. It is so precious to me that I hardly dare to wear it, and when I do I keep looking at it every few minutes to be sure it is safe.

When I won my lovely silver badge, three months ago, I felt certain I would have to work a long time to be worthy of a gold badge, if, indeed, I could ever win it. So it was a very great surprise to see in the August ST. NICHOLAS that my drawing had received such pleasant recognition. It seems reward enough to be successful in competition with so many other league members, but to receive, in addition, such a beautiful pin, makes it well worth while to persevere although there may be many disappointments at first.

Thanking you again for the great encouragement the League has given me, I remain,

Your interested reader, CHARLOTTE WAUGH.

41 ELPHINSTONE ROAD, HASTINGS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My badge has arrived, and I admire it very much indeed; I have worn it every day since it came.

I have sent in a drawing for this month's competition. I hope I shall be able to compete every month, as I should so like to have a gold or silver button. I mean to try hard to get one.

I have been bringing up some tadpoles this year; some have turned into frogs, but I put them out by a pond as they tried to jump away.

It is so interesting to watch the tadpoles' tails getting smaller and smaller. As they absorb their tails, they develop lungs, and then they like to be out of water, so I made a bank of mud all round the basin they are in, so that they can get out of water. I am,

Yours sincerely,
OLIVE SIMPSON (AGE 13).

WELCOME letters were received from the following-named members: Hannah McAllister, Robert Parker Cudworth, John D. Butler, E. Marguerite Routledge, Agnes Curran, Helen Parfitt, Charlotte Baum, Albert Radich, Antoinette Rogers, Vera Demens, Miriam C. Alexander, Clarice Barry, Tatnall Edsall, Adelaide Packard Vaughan, Miriam H. Tanberg, Von McConnell, Everard A. McAvoy, Genevieve H. Norwood, Marion Bradley, Jeannette Hitchcock, Mervin Ray, Willa M. Roberts, H. H. Houston Woodward, Victoria Searle, Margaret and Ted M. Douglas, Risphah B. Goff, Margaret Whitcomb, Elizabeth B. Berry, Gladys Cherryman, Erman B. Mixon, Margaret Peckham, Mildred Wakefield, Harriet Bingaman, Edith M. Barber, Elizabeth Pilshry, Elizabeth Toof, Mary F. Underhill, Dorothy Bullard, Reginald Field, Elliot M. Kahn, Given Swinburne, Arline Elizabeth Abel, Alice Precourt, Ruth P. Brown, Isabella M. Holt, Ida Kline.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 77.

Subjects. By Elizabeth R. Marvin.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal Photograph" prize-winners winning a higher prize will not receive a second badge, but only the cash award.

Competition No. 77 will close **February 20** (for foreign members **February 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **May**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title, "The Flames."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. Subject, "An American Statesman."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "The Street on which I Live."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "At the Blackboard" and a Heading or Tailpiece for May.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

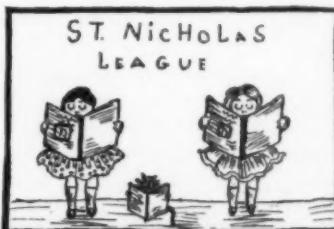
Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: **First Prize**, five dollars and League gold badge. **Second Prize**, three dollars and League gold badge. **Third Prize**, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.



"TAILPIECE FOR FEBRUARY." BY HAZEL HALSTEAD, AGE 10.

BOOKS AND READING.

A BOOK WE ALL WRITE. A GREAT French author once spoke of life as if it were a book, or rather a great library of books, in which one could never look forward, but through the memory could turn back to earlier portions of the stories of which each day tells a new paragraph or chapter.

We wonder if our young readers have ever looked upon their own lives as books which they are writing, each day a page, each year a chapter? Rightly regarded, you should find your own story the most interesting of all—though you need not always regard yourself as the hero or heroine. Kingsley's advice to make life "one grand, sweet song," may equally be read as counseling you to make your own life a book the reading of which will delight those who can follow it.

"WALDEINSAM-KEIT." THE title of this item is the name of one of Emerson's poems, beginning,

I do not count the hours I spend
In wandering by the sea.

It is an exercise well worth the time of any young reader to see whether he can learn to appreciate Emerson's poetry. There is in it so much more care for big things than for little, that you will be likely to think the poems crude until you see that their spirit controls their form. From the poem mentioned comes this excellent bit of advice to the bookish :

See thou bring not to field or stone
The fancies found in books;
Leave others' eyes, and fetch your own,
To brave the landscape's looks.

We should like to hear from any of our bright young readers who will explain to us the use of the words "brave" and "looks," in the last verse of this stanza.

A YOUNG GIRL'S COMMENT. UPON hearing the above lines read aloud, a young girl said, with a little look of defiance, "The poets give most of the beauties to nature"—

which certainly amounted to disobedience of Emerson's charge. It is undoubtedly right to learn from poets and authors to see the beauties of nature, but after we have been taught to use our eyes, we should use them to discover new beauties for ourselves.

By the way, who can give us a short quotation referring exclusively to the beauty of the clouds or sky?

"BOOKS." A VERY thoughtful writer, in talking about the meaning of words, suggests that the meaning of even the commonest terms is very doubtful. The example he takes is the word "chair." On hearing it we each think we have a clear idea of what he means. But it may be that his idea and ours differ widely. This, too, is true of the idea "book." The idea that this conveys has existed in very many forms; at first a book or its equivalent notion meant a story carried in the memory by a poet like blind Homer; later it came to mean a collection of sentences, whether those were imprinted or cut upon tablets, or scratched upon the surface of leaves; and still later it was applied to rolls of parchment; then to the leaves of parchment fastened into something like the oblong shape we know; and it is only within a few centuries that "book" took on the meaning it has most commonly with us. Yet, though the outward form has changed, the literary meaning of "book" has been always the same—that literary meaning which is used when we speak of the Old and New Testaments as the "books," which is the meaning of the word Bible.

WHAT INTERESTS YOU? We wish to repeat in this department once more the offer made to suggest lists of books for those who are interested in particular subjects. Nearly every boy and girl has a desire to learn about some subject especially interesting to him or to her. Thus, one romantic youngster may wish to know about the knights of old,—how they wore their armor, what it cost, who made it, how long it took, and so on,—while a young girl

may be interested in the girl-life of queens or celebrated women authors, or, possibly, in the daily life of peoples of long ago.

Whatever subject attracts you, you may be sure that there are plenty of books about it, and we shall be glad either to give you lists of such books or to tell you where you may get them. Edward Everett Hale has said, perhaps a little rashly, that by reading carefully on one subject for two weeks you may know more about it than any one else. But whether this be true or not, it is true that there is available plenty of knowledge on all subjects.

TO DICKENS LOVERS. We should be very glad to hear from some of the lovers of Dickens. We are sure that he has many loyal admirers who would gladly tell of the pleasure to be found in reading his stories, and which ones they consider best for beginning acquaintance with him. We should be glad, too, if some Dickens lover would mention the most attractive of his short stories, so many of which are so good.

THE CARE OF BOOKS. IN a useful magazine for writers we have read a set of rules for the treatment of books. They would fill perhaps a column of this department, and at first we cut them out and laid them aside with some idea of showing them to you. Upon more careful consideration, we feel that they are not really needed for our readers, or, at least, can be expressed in fewer words. The first five rules, for example, begin with the word "never," and forbid one to hold a book near a fire, handle it with damp hands, and so on. But such rules can be condensed into one piece of advice: Handle books with care. Surely you all know that a book is no more than a pile of sheets of paper fastened together by means of string and glue, consequently whatever distorts a book or strains it will shorten its life. The other rules contain a few suggestions worth remembering. These we quote:

"Always keep a borrowed book covered with a paper cover while in your possession.

"Never attempt to dry a book, accidentally wet, by the fire, but wipe off the moisture with a soft, dry cloth and place it under a pile of books to prevent the cover's warping.

"Never cut the leaves of a book or maga-

zine with a sharp knife, as the edge is sure to run into the print.

"Never write on a paper laid upon the leaves of an open book, as the pencil or pen-point will either scratch or cut the book leaves.

"Never lend a borrowed book, but return it as soon as you have done with it, so that the owner may not be deprived of its use."

As to the last of these, a lawyer friend tells us that no one has the right to lend a borrowed book except by express permission. He says this case comes under the Latin rule, *Potestas delegata delegari non potest*; that is, permission given to you cannot be given by you to another. Your friend says, "You may read my book," but that is a very different thing from saying, "You may lend my book."

Possibly our young readers may not see the reason for this sensible rule, but it is very simple. Willingness to put the book in your hands, does n't prove willingness that you should put it into other hands.

MORE STORY-POEMS. WE are always glad to add to our list of the poems that tell stories, for a young writer can acquire nothing that will contribute more to his future pleasure than a love of poetry, and this is best gained by beginning with the story-telling verse. A Philadelphia correspondent, who has before given us good suggestions, sent us a list from which we may select these few names of poems with a strong story-interest: Wordsworth's "Hart-Leap Well," Kingsley's "Andromeda," Chaucer's "Knight's Tale," many episodes from Spenser's "Faery Queen," and, as our correspondent puts it, "all of Scott's longer poems." Have we already mentioned Tennyson's ballad of "The Revenge"? No matter. Better mention it five times than have you leave it unread.

Will not some of our readers make up a list of a few of the best poems for young people to read in beginning their acquaintance with Tennyson, Browning, Bryant, Lowell, Coleridge, and other poets whom they ought to love? Of course there are books of extracts for young readers, there are editions of each poet for the young; but we should like a list of not more than two or three of the best poems to introduce children to the reading of each greater poet.

THE LETTER-BOX.

"RENZELVER," RHINEBECK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a number of years, and you are my favorite magazine, of course as everybody else's, I hope.

Every birthday my father binds the last year's magazines for me; it is the best of all my presents, because I have the magazines all together then.

Good-by, from

ADELE MAE BEATTYS.

MAES-Y-BRYNAR, DOLGELLEY, N. WALES.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I always read "Queen Zixi of Ix" first. I like the Letter-box very much too. I will soon be nine years old. We have lots of pets. I like going out in the motor-car best. Mother was a little American girl. She used to take you. She once wrote a letter to the Letter-box and you printed it, and I hope you will be kind enough to print mine.

Yours very truly,

ALEXANDER ROBIE COX.

MICHIGAN CITY, IND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for one year and think you are the best magazine for children. I am so sorry that "Queen Zixi of Ix" ended this month, but I hope I will find another story that I will like as well. I have two birds; they are so cute, they sing all the time. I am so anxious to join the League, but I am afraid I cannot, for I cannot draw. We go to Harbor Point, Michigan in the summer, and have a fine time going in bathing and playing golf and rowing. I am afraid my letter is getting too long, so I will close.

From your little reader,

CATHERINE BARKER (age 9).

DULUTH, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for several years. I especially enjoy the story of "Pinkey Perkins," and the Nature and Science department.

Some of your readers may like to hear about the aerial bridge which was built here last year. It is the second of its kind in the world, and the only one in America.

Duluth is a city of 65,000 people; it is built on a side hill, with many ravines running through it. Many bears have come down these ravines from the woods, this fall, into the city. One mother bear and cub came into one of the school-yards last week, and one was run into by a car, but not killed.

Yours truly,

ROLLIN HAWKES (age 10).

GERMANTOWN, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for six years. I am now thirteen years old, and I look forward with great pleasure to the end of the month when you come. I think you are the very nicest magazine for children there is, and I read you from cover to cover. How do those poor children who do not take you get along?

I liked "Kibun Daizin; or, from Shark Boy to Merchant Prince," "Pinkey Perkins: Just a Boy," and "Queen Zixi of Ix" very much, and of the latest short stories I like "The Maids and the Motto" and "Two Boys and Ten Million Mosquitos" the best.

Now I must close, and I am,

Your devoted reader,

MARIAN F. BUTLER.

DETROIT, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for more than a year. I am ten years old, and I am an army girl. I have lived at West Point, New York (where I was born), Virginia, Maine, Michigan, California, and I have been in "The Garden of the Gods" in Colorado.

My mother took you for a while when she was a little girl. We have some old ST. NICHOLASES dating back from 1876 to 1878. I remain,

Your faithful reader,
MARGARET T. BARRETTE (age 10).

RIVERSIDE, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for five years. Last Christmas you were given me as a present, and before that a friend sent you to me for four years. I enjoy you very much, and can hardly wait for you to come. I am very much interested in "Pinkey Perkins: Just a Boy."

I have a brother and sister whom I like to play with. We live in an orange-grove and have plenty of oranges to eat. I am collecting postal-cards; I have eighty-five very pretty ones.

From your devoted friend,
MARTHA ELLIS WHITE (age 10).

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On Hallowe'en night we (my two sisters and my small brother and myself) had a Hallowe'en party like the one described in the October number of ST. NICHOLAS. It was a great success, and, as we lived in the city, and had n't any lawn, we used the cellar to put the witch with the presents in. She was dressed in white, and looked very imposing in the darkness. We put a waste-paper basket with the presents in it upon her arm, and as each child passed by, he or she took one present and passed on. The presents were wrapped in cotton, so that you could not tell whether you had a silver spoon or a cotton dog. It was great fun. Your reader forever (while I have enough money),

B. A. COLONNA.

WEST MEDFORD, MASS.

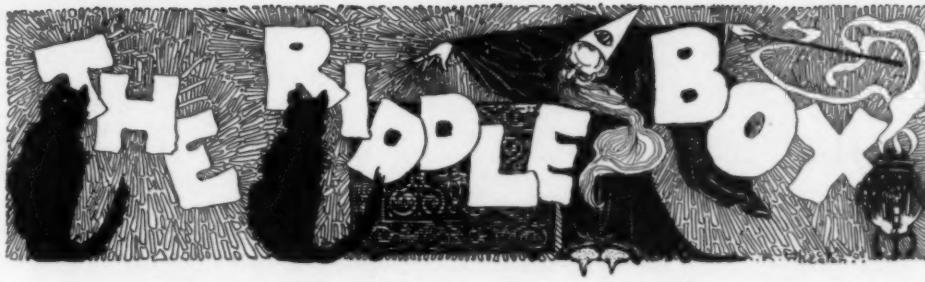
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very much interested in the article written for the November magazine about the Old South Meeting-house. Particularly so, as I am leader of the first violins in the orchestra mentioned. Perhaps an account of it would incite other high-school pupils to try the work and enjoyment found in an orchestra.

Our leader is master of Latin and Greek in the Medford High School. There are five first violins, two seconds, cello, viola, first and second cornets, trombone, clarinet, drums (snare and bass), and piano. The leader plays the flute. Four of the first violins are girls, but all the other members are boys. We attend the debates in which our high school participates, and are cheered as enthusiastically as the debaters themselves. Our rehearsals take place every week at the High School, and we have jolly times whenever we meet.

We have a great quantity of engagements, not only in our own city, but in others as well.

Hoping this account will interest a few of your readers, I remain, yours sincerely,

ELEANOR GORDON, M. H. S., '07.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

AN EGYPTIAN ACROSTIC. Fourth row, Cleopatra. Cross-words: 1. Crocodile. 2. Ptolemy. 3. Rameses. 4. Antony. 5. Memphis. 6. Bonaparte. 7. Thothmes. 8. Pharaoh. 9. Pyramids.

CHARADE. Bee-leaf; belief.

A SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTIC. Coriolanus. 1. Cordelia. 2. Octavia. 3. Rosalind. 4. Iago. 5. Ophelia. 6. Lysander. 7. Antonio. 8. Nerissa. 9. Ursula. 10. Sebastian.

DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A SQUARE. I. 1. H. 2. His. 3. Hides. 4. Sea. 5. S. II. 1. C. 2. Cur. 3. Cubit. 4. Rid. 5. T. III. 1. Aster. 2. Shore. 3. Total. 4. Erase. 5. Relet. IV. 1. L. 2. Fur. 3. Lures. 4. Red. 5. S. V. 1. L. 2. Tea. 3. Leads. 4. Add. 5. S.

RIDDLE. Islet, eye let, ay, let, I let, eyelet.

REVERSIBLE WORDS. From 1 to 2, revel; 2 to 3, loops; 3 to 4, strap; 4 to 5, pools; 5 to 6, speed; 6 to 7, defer; 7 to 8, rages;

2 to 7, loots; 3 to 4, sexes; 4 to 7, ports; 5 to 7, stops; 6 to 7, draws.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Kite. 2. Idol. 3. Toll. 4. Ellis.

TRIPLE CURTAILINGS. Theodore Roosevelt. 1. Inter-est. 2. Ochre-site. 3. Chest-nut. 4. Stock-ad-e. 5. Alder-man. 6. Cross-eye. 7. Carol-ine. 8. Pleas-ure. 9. Parch-es-ai. 10. Flour-ish-ri. 11. Quota-ble. 12. Asses-sor. 13. Event-ide. 14. Sever-ity. 15. Steep-les. 16. Paes-tra. 17. Aster-isk.

HALF ZIGZAG. From 1 to 2, ST. NICHOLAS; from 3 to 4, Santa Claus. Cross-words: 1. Speechless. 2. Stentorian. 3. Condolence. 4. Meditation. 5. Abdication. 6. Rough-casts. 7. Accomplish. 8. Felicitate. 9. Marvellous. 10. Serenity.

AN ANAGRAM RIDDLE. Disease, seaside.

GEOGRAPHICAL CUBE. From 1 to 2, Andover; 1 to 3, Antwerp; 2 to 4, Rosetta; 2 to 7, Raleigh; 7 to 6, Honiton; 3 to 4, Prussia; 3 to 5, Paisley; 4 to 6, Avignon; 5 to 6, Yucatan.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from "Duluth"—Helen Sherman Harlow—Florence Lowenhardt—"Chuck"—Neasic and Freddie—"Alli and Adi"—Walter Dannenbaum—Marguerite Hyde—Mary Aurilla Jones—Clare and Jean—Harriet Bingaman—Agnes Rutherford—Mary Richardson.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from C. Baum, 1—"Jolly Juniors," 5—M. L. Macdonald, 1—K. Blue, 2—Edna Meyle, 5—Arthur A. Donchian, 3—Aunt Emily, 1—Isabel McGillis, 3—"Jo and I," 5—Edith M. Barber, 1—Agnes M. Holmes, 1—Bertha Stratton, 1—A. Greenberg, 1.

No prize-puzzles are printed in this month's Riddle-box. The four prize-puzzles sent during November will be duly announced and printed next month, as well as those from the usual December competition.

ZIGZAG.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When these have been rightly guessed, and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell a famous exclamation often heard in the early part of 1898.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A gorge. 2. A sea-bird. 3. To claim, as something due. 4. An indication of a cold. 5. A prawn. 6. To bury. 7. Cowardly. 8. A talking bird. 9. Flowers that bloom in the fall. 10. To fix or demand as a price. 11. To render opulent. 12. A blot. 13. A common rock-crystal. 14. A body of officers whose duties are to preserve order. 15. A lament. 16. An imposing procession.

B. WARFIELD KERR.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS.

1. DOUBLY behead a tree, and leave an instrument for writing. 2. Doubly behead to wink, and leave a useful liquid. 3. Doubly behead to stupefy, and leave without sensation. 4. Doubly behead cooking, and leave a

monarch. 5. Doubly behead to trick, and leave to consume. 6. Doubly behead a famous chevalier, and leave a measure of length. 7. Doubly behead to give, and leave a portion. 8. Doubly behead cargo, and leave a number. 9. Doubly behead to make furious, and leave anger. 10. Doubly behead capturing, and leave a sovereign. 11. Doubly behead to grasp tightly, and leave a part of a foot. 12. Doubly behead foot-notes, and leave a term used in arithmetic. 13. Doubly behead a malicious burning of a house, and leave a child.

When the words have been rightly guessed and beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell the name of a popular story in ST. NICHOLAS.

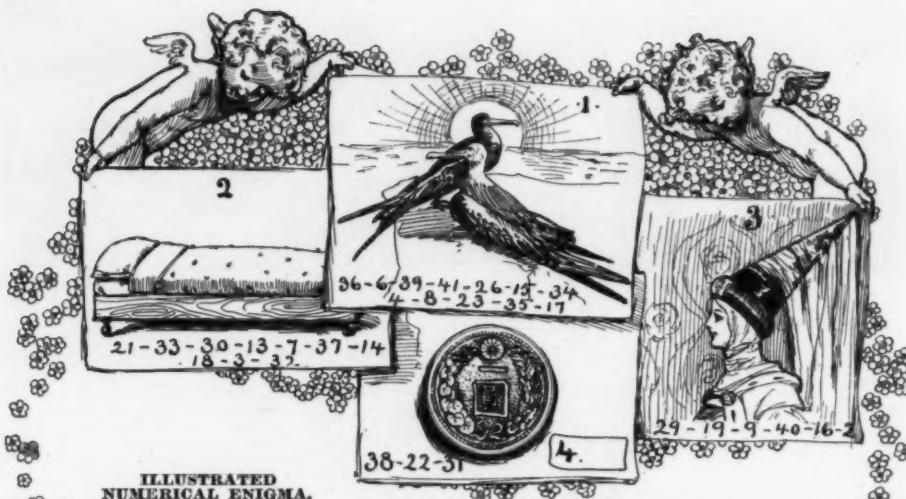
BUFORF BRICE (League Member).

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A CITY of India. 2. Come. 3. A charioteer. 4. Splitting. 5. A broad street. 6. Certain twilled woolen materials.

II. 1. A fruit. 2. A feminine name. 3. A gift of charity. 4. Imprudent.

MIRIAM W. and I. BAUER (League Members).



**ILLUSTRATED
NUMERICAL ENIGMA.**

In this numerical enigma the words are pictured instead of described. When the seven objects have been rightly guessed, and the forty-one letters set down in proper order, they will form a Hebrew proverb.

CHARADE.

My *first* has rare discerning power;
My *whole* is made in idle hour,
So any man would say.
Now, guess my *last* and tell me how
It can both hinder and allow,
Each in a perfect way.
And now, when all is said and done,
My *whole*'s a hole, a little one,
And yet it stops a fray.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

CONCEALED CITIES.

In the following sentences are concealed the names of twelve cities, the letters forming them being reversed.

We lived in Cairo, Ephraim and I, where

you may see the big log-rafts float by. There was an orchard near and I often sold the apples. One morning a Swede named Olaf Fubberson, and who played the piano dimly, came to the door and said, "Give me some apples!" I replied, "Sir, apples cost money." I saw he was not sober. He added, "Your brother struck me last night!" I noticed that his cheek was raw and I saw him snatch a pan of apples. But he soon returned. "Please excuse me, for I acted rudely," he said. I felt very tired, and as I am curt when weary or tired I only said, "You may have the lot, sir, but go away."

W. S. MAULSBY (Honor Member).

TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My *firsts* are in governor, not in bill;
My *seconds*, in seek, but not in gill;
My *thirds* are in rowboat, not in lead;
My *fourths*, in formerly, not in bed;
My *fifths* are in good, but not in brace;
My *sixths*, in remain, but not in lace;
My *sevenths*, in take and also in skates;
My *wholes* are three of the United States.

MABEL HOWE (League Member).

